

# BLACK HOOD

WINTER

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29. Men's Signet Ring—Yellow Gold color effect.



30. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with gorgeous square cut simulated emerald. White gold color effect mounting.



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36. Love & Friendship Ring. Unique design also used as Wedding Ring. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



37. Men's Heavy Comet ring. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting. Two tone face.



38. Ladies' Wedding Band. Yellow or white gold color effect, or sterling silver.



39. Ladies' Solitaire Ring. 3 sparkling simulated diamonds. White gold color effect mounting.



40. Men's Signet Ring. White or yellow gold color effect mounting.



41. Ladies' Solitaire Ring with large center simulated diamond and 6 smaller stones. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



42. Ladies' Wedding Band. Five large brilliant simulated diamonds. White or Yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



43. Hand Clasp Love & Friendship ring. Rings come apart to form 2 rings. Made of sterling silver.



44. Men's Ring. Indian head. White gold color effect mounting.



45. Men's Wedding Ring.—Yellow Gold color effect.



46. Ladies' or Gents' Lock-at ring. Holds 1½ x 1¼ picture. Yellow gold color effect mounting.



47. Men's Ring with square cut simulated garnet. Yellow or white gold color effect mounting.



48. Wedding Band. Set with sparkling simulated diamonds. White or Yellow gold color effect mounting, or sterling silver.



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# Black HOOD

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



The Case of the  
**CURIOS COIN**

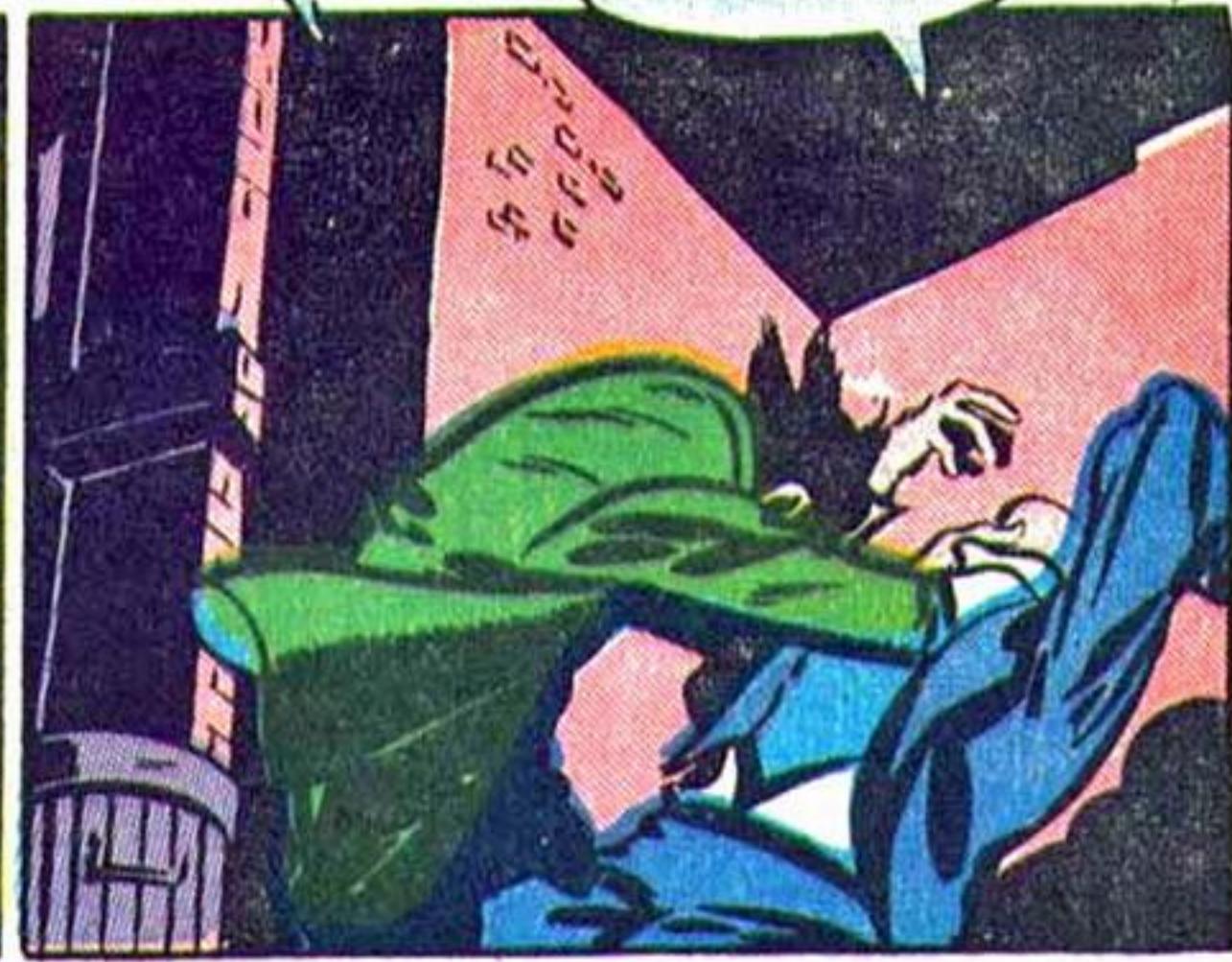
OUR STORY OPENS ON A NOTE OF TERROR - THE TERROR OF A MAN FLEEING WILDLY THROUGH THE DARK STREETS OF NORTHVILLE AS THOUGH PURSUED BY SOME UNSEEN DEVIL!



THE COAST SEEMS TO BE CLEAR.  
I THINK I'VE SHAKEN THE STRANGLER.

ESCAPED THE  
STRANGLER...  
HEH, HEH?

AAAGHH



THE COIN! IT'S NOT IN HIS POCKET!  
I KNOW HE HAD IT WHEN HE LEFT  
THE CASTLE - WHAT COULD HE  
HAVE DONE WITH IT,  
BLAST HIM!

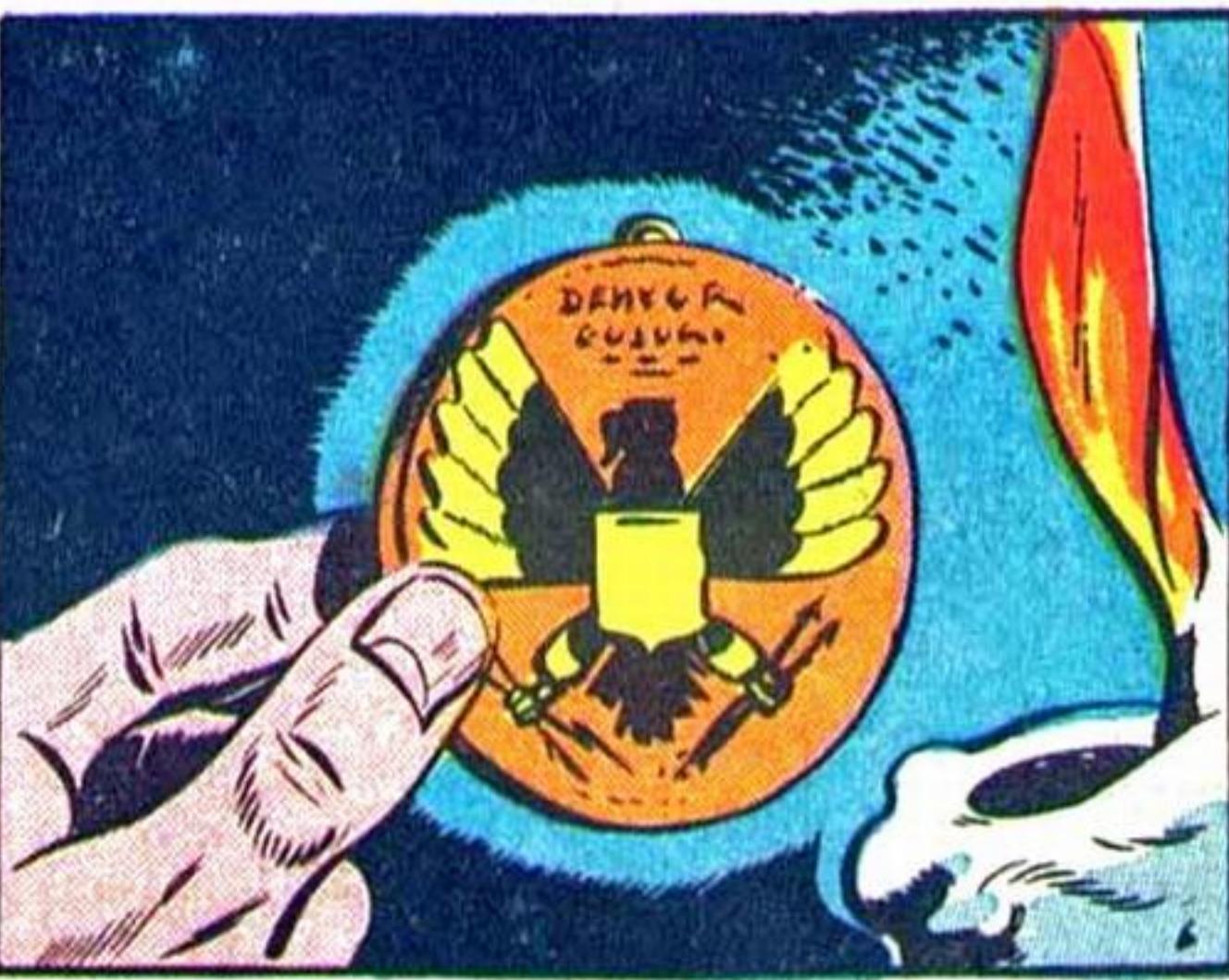
HMM-THAT BEGGER-HE PASSED  
HIM WHILE RUNNING-I WONDER...



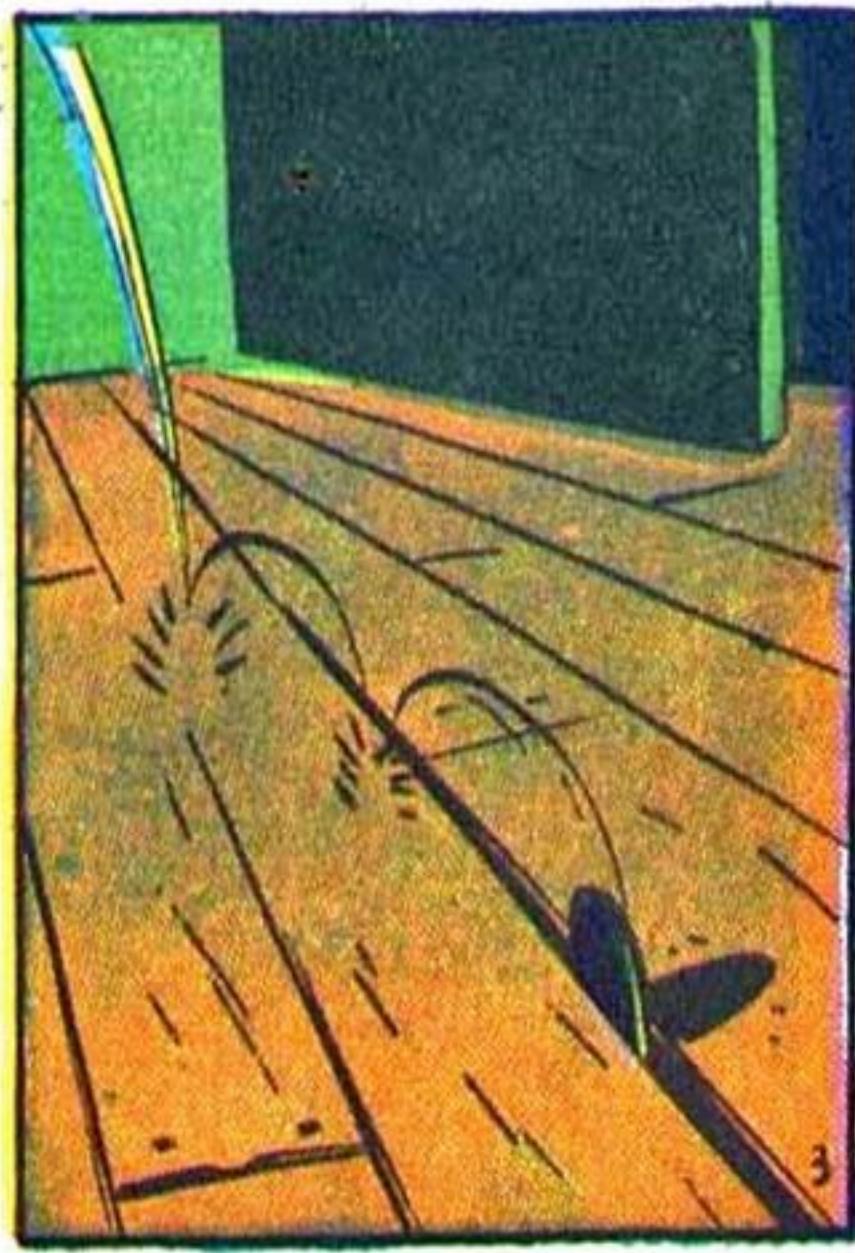
LATER, IN THE ROOM OF THE BLIND BEGGER WHOSE FINGERS  
DEFTLY FEEL THROUGH AND COUNT THE DAY'S EARNINGS...



SAY-WHAT'S THIS- DOESN'T  
FEEL LIKE AN ORDINARY  
COIN-WONDER WHAT IT IS?



OH WELL!  
I'LL KEEP  
IT FOR A  
GOOD  
LUCK  
PIECE!



INTO THE ROOM BELOW DROPS  
THE FATEFUL COIN, AND--

WHAT'S A MATTER WITH  
THAT GUY UP THERE? WHY  
ISN'T HE MORE CAREFUL?

I'M GOIN' UP AND  
GIVE HIM A PIECE  
OF MY MIND!

HEY, YOU, OPEN UP.  
I KNOW YOU'RE  
IN THERE!

OKAY, I'M COMIN'  
IN AND-- ULP!

HELP..  
MURDER!  
POLICE!

GULP.. COME QUICK,  
OFFICER.. IT'S  
TERRIBLE.. HORRIBLE

HEY, TAKE IT  
EASY, MISTER

WHAO..WHAT'S ALL THE RUMPUSS ABOUT?

GULP..THERE'S A DEAD MAN UP IN THAT ROOM!

KIP IMMEDIATELY NOTIFIES PRECINCT 71, AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...

HE'S DEAD ENOUGH ALL RIGHT, EH, SERGEANT MC GINTY?

YEAH, KIP! MURDERED! POOR DEVIL! STRANGLED -- HIS THROAT'S CRUSHED TO A PULP

HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO BE UP HERE THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

I DIDN'T DO IT-- I SWEAR! THIS COIN DROPPED ON MY HEAD. I CAME UP TO RETURN IT!

A LIKELY STORY! COME CLEAN...WE GOT WAYS OF MAKIN' GUYS LIKE YOU TALK!

WAIT A MINUTE, SARGE. YOU'RE RATTLING THE GUY SO HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SAYING!

HMMPH-- EVEN THE COIN AIN'T A COIN!

BY JOVE, YOU'RE RIGHT, SARGE. THIS IS SOME KIND OF MEDALLION. AND IT HAS A FOREIGN INSCRIPTION ON IT-- LOOKS LIKE DUTCH!

SO WHAT?

SO THIS! WASN'T THERE A MURDER REPORTED A LITTLE WHILE AGO IN PRECINCT 70 - A DUTCHMAN?

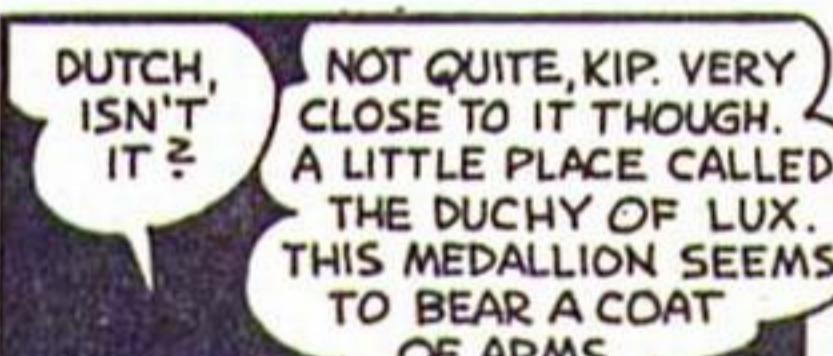


AH, YER WAY OFF  
BASE, KIP. YOU AN'  
YER FANCY THEORIES!  
TAKE HIM AWAY,  
MONAHAN!

RIGHT,  
SARGE!

MIND IF I BORROW  
THIS COIN FOR A WHILE,  
SARGE? I'D LIKE TO  
SHOW IT TO A FRIEND  
OF MINE.

YOU CAN SHOW  
IT TO THE  
MARINES IF YOU  
WANT TO.



DUTCH,  
ISN'T  
IT?

NOT QUITE, KIP. VERY  
CLOSE TO IT THOUGH.  
A LITTLE PLACE CALLED  
THE DUCHY OF LUX.  
THIS MEDALLION SEEMS  
TO BEAR A COAT  
OF ARMS

FUNNY! THE KING OF LUX IS  
LIVING RIGHT HERE IN NORTHVILLE.  
HE WAS FORCED TO ABDICATE WHEN  
THE NAZIS OVERRAN HIS COUNTRY.  
HE LIVES IN THAT GLOOMY  
CASTLE ON KNOB HILL!



THAT'S ALL I KNOW,  
KIP.

IT'S PLENTY,  
PROFESSOR! THANKS  
A LOT!

NOW THE BLACK HOOD  
IS GOING TO PAY HIS  
RESPECTS TO ROYALTY



EMPTY! FUNNY THAT AXE SHOULD HAVE FALLEN JUST WHEN I WAS UNDER IT!

I'VE STUMBLLED ON SOMETHING, I'M CONVINCED. BUT WHAT!!

AAAAGGH

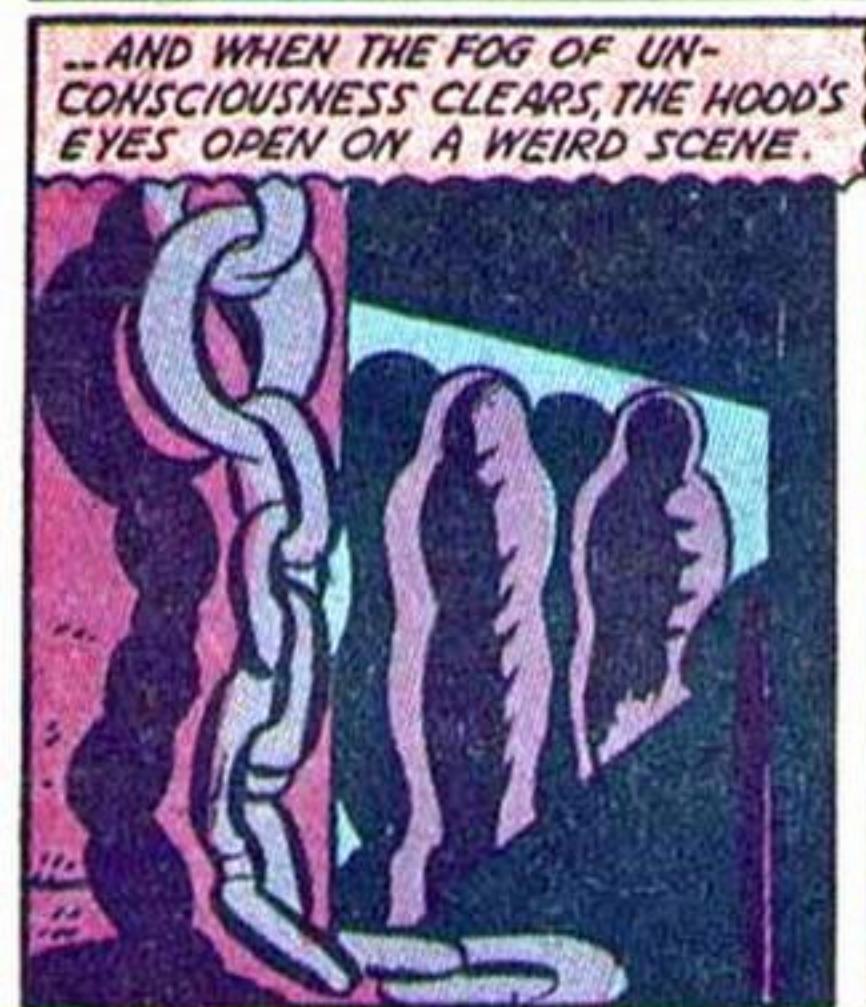
FINGERS...LIKE STEEL...CAN'T LOOSEN THEM... (GASP)

SUDDENLY, INSPIRED BY DESPERATION, THE HOOD HOLDS UP THE MEDALLION, AND...

IT WORKED! HE'S GRABBING FOR IT!

COME ON OUT AND LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!

PHEW...HE ALMOST CRUSHED MY NECK TO A JELLY...JUST LIKE THE BLIND MAN WAS KILLED!



WHY DIDN'T YOU  
DO IT BEFORE  
THIS?

BUT WITH  
HIM OUT OF THE  
WAY, I COULD  
EASILY SUBSTITUTE  
AND NO ONE WOULD  
KNOW THE  
DIFFERENCE.

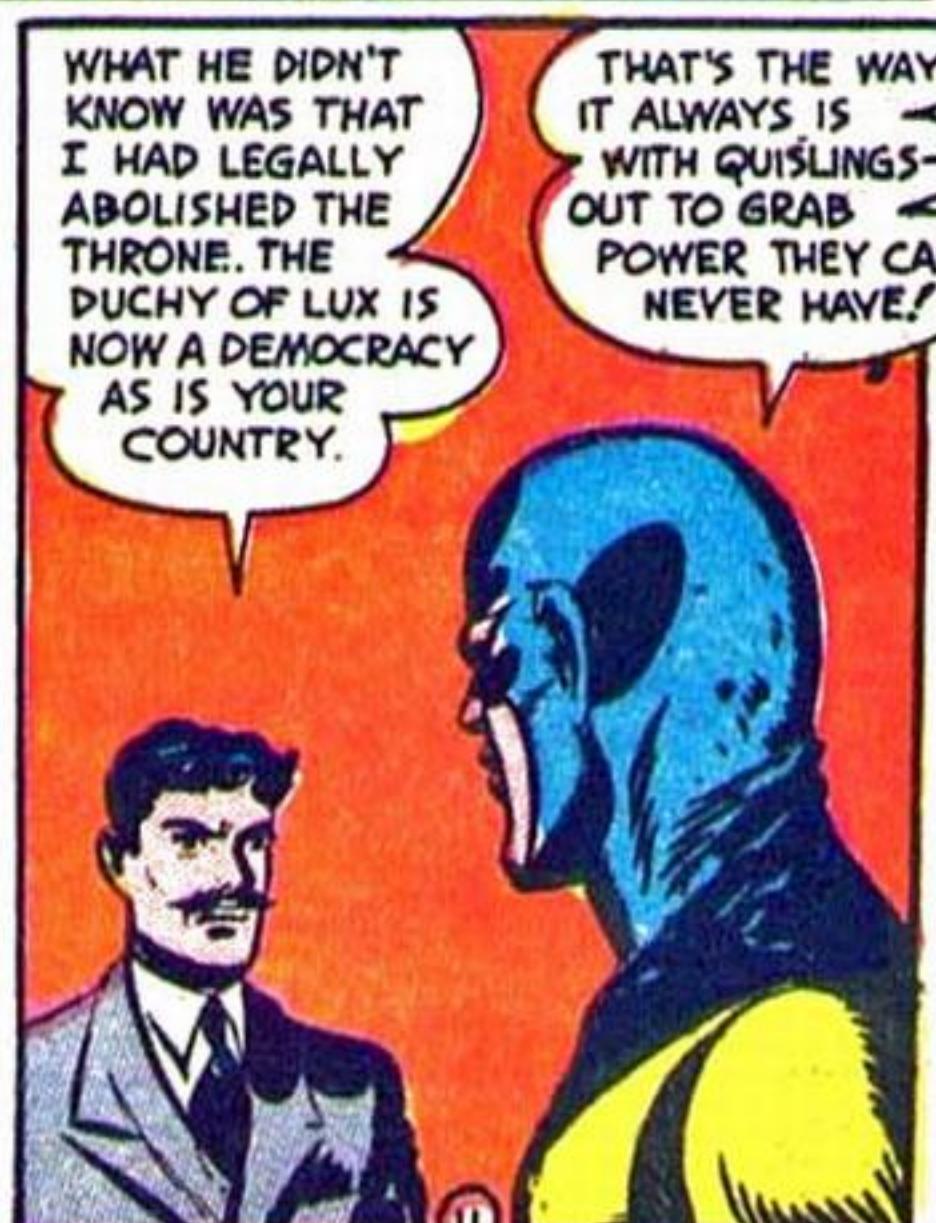
BECAUSE HE WAS  
CLEVER ENOUGH TO KEEP THE  
ROYAL MEDALLION OF OUR ANCESTORS—  
THE MEDALLION OF KINGS. I DISCOVERED  
ITS WHEREABOUTS TONIGHT!

HE MANAGED TO SNEAK IT  
OUT, BUT I SENT MY MAN  
AFTER IT. THE FOOL  
FAILED TO BRING IT BACK.  
BUT THANKS TO YOU,  
I'VE GOT IT NOW!

AS FOR YOU, HOOD, THE  
IRON MAID. AFTER ALL,  
YOU'RE SOMETHING OF A  
CELEBRITY!

AND HERE'S MY  
AUTOGRAPH - YOU  
ROYAL RAT!

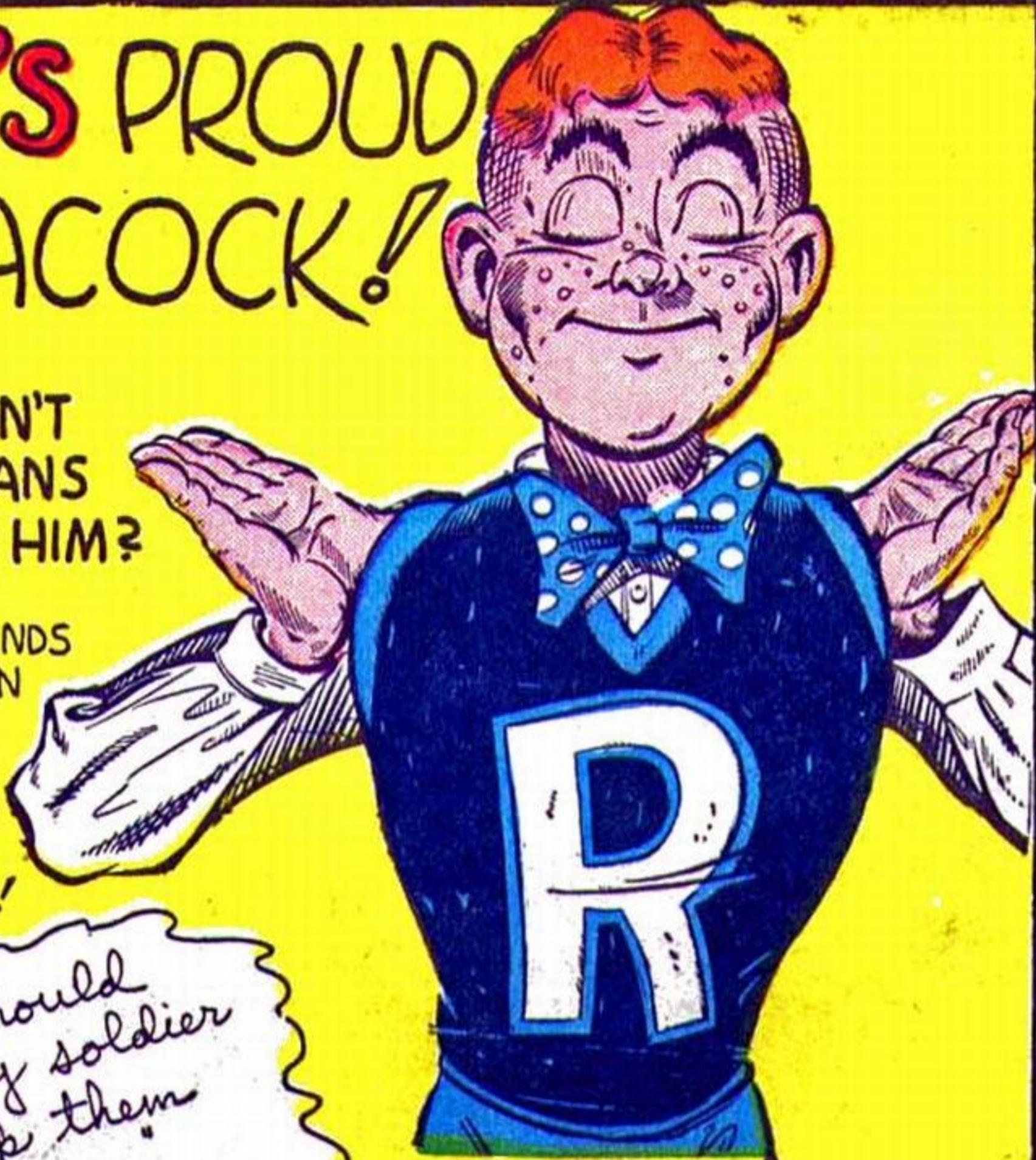
ROLVAAG,  
YOU'LL GET  
YOUR JUST  
DESSERTS  
SOMEDAY!



# Archie's PROUD AS A PEACOCK!

AND WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE WHEN HIS FANS THINK SO MUCH OF HIM?

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF LETTERS HAVE BEEN POURING IN PRAISING ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION! HERE'S A SLIGHT SAMPLE OF WHAT THEY'RE SAYING!



"Archie Comics should be given to every soldier overseas to keep them relaxed and happy."  
Nadine Nalder  
1681 Hayes St.  
San Francisco  
California

"My whole family worries with, laughs with, and loves, Archie."

Florence Gibon  
6 Home Street  
Springfield, Mass.

"Archie's my favorite because he's like most kids my age."

Willie Mac Sampson  
Detroit, Michigan

"Whenever I'm unhappy, I always know one sure cure for the blues—Archie Comics." Margie Lee Huber Flint, Mich.

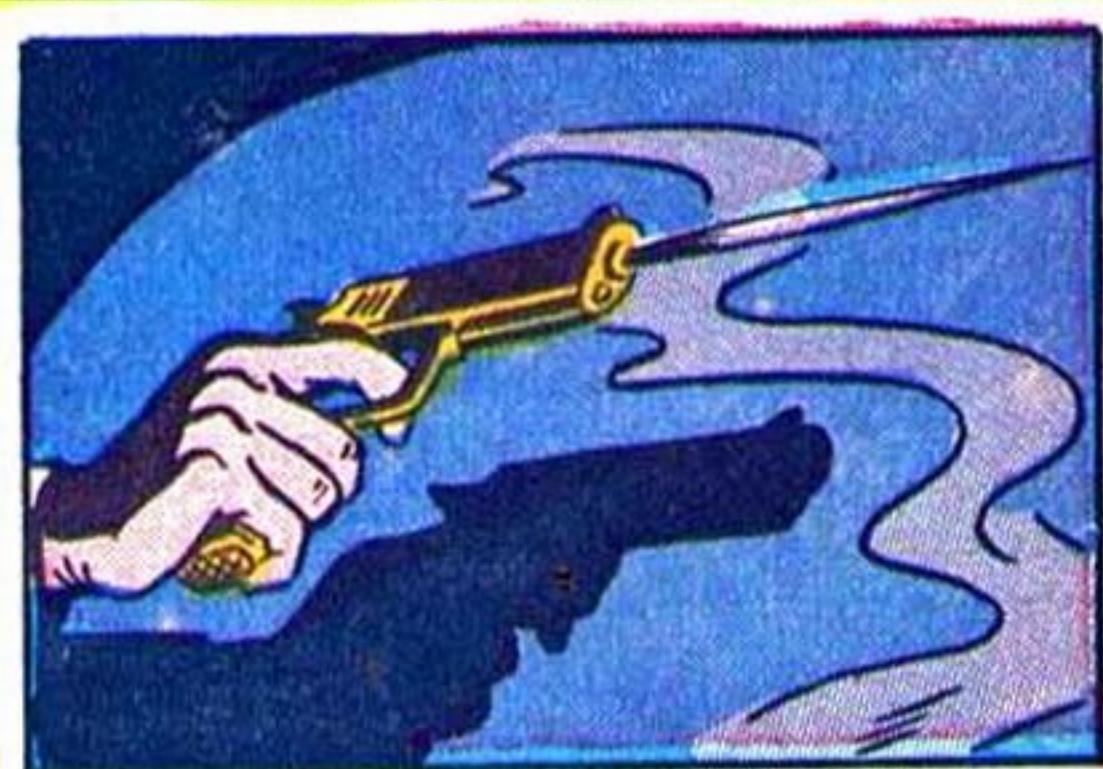
"Archie and his family are just like real people in everyday life. All summer while I was laid up with a broken arm, Archie was a great help to me and always cheered me up." Lou R. Harvey Coal Dale, Pa.

# The Black HOOD

by C. K. Harlan

NO! NO! PLEASE  
DON'T SHOOT!

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



OUR SCENE CHANGES, FOR THE MOMENT, TO ONE LESS GRIM, ALTHOUGH PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND MIGHT NOT REGARD IT SO...

BASS! HAVE A HEART!

NO! I WON'T DO IT, BARBARA--- THAT'S FINAL!

OH, YES YOU WILL, MR. BURLAND!



SERGEANT McGINTY MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN KNOWING THE IDENTITY OF A CERTAIN **BLACK HOOD**---IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

YOU WOULDN'T!

YOU WIN, BLACKMAILER! LEAD THE LAMB TO THE SLAUGHTER!

THAT'S BETTER! IT'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE!



OH, IT'S EXQUISITE, HENRI!

OUI, MAMSELLE! OH, PARDONNEZ-- I SHALL BE RIGHT BACK!

BONSOIR, MAMSELLE SUTTON! SOMETHING YOU WEEGH ME TO SHOW YOU?

WELL, IT'S NOT EXACTLY FOR ME, HENRI...



IT'S A BIRTHDAY PRESENT  
FOR MY AUNT FANNIE IN MIN-  
NESOTA -- AND SHE'S A  
RATHER LARGE SIZE!

SAY NO MORE! I COMPRE-  
HEND YOUR MEANING  
EXACTEMENT! NATURALLY  
YOU WISH PRIVACY,  
N'EST CE PAS?  
FOLLOW ME!

NOW IF YOUR GENDARME  
FRIEND WOULD LIKE TO  
USE THEE'S ROOM...

I'LL USE  
IT! BUT I  
DON'T  
LIKE IT!



I DON'T KNOW OR CARE! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS THING BEFORE SOMEBODY SEES ME!

M'SIEUR... WAIT... THEESES YOUR DRESSING ROOM--NOT THERE!

WHY, HENRI, YOU LOOK UPSET! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHAT ROOM KIP UNDRESSES IN?

DING! DING!



YOU RANG,  
M'SIEUR  
HENRI?

YES,  
CLAUDETTE!

THAT GIRL IS  
NOT TO LEAVE  
THIS ROOM!

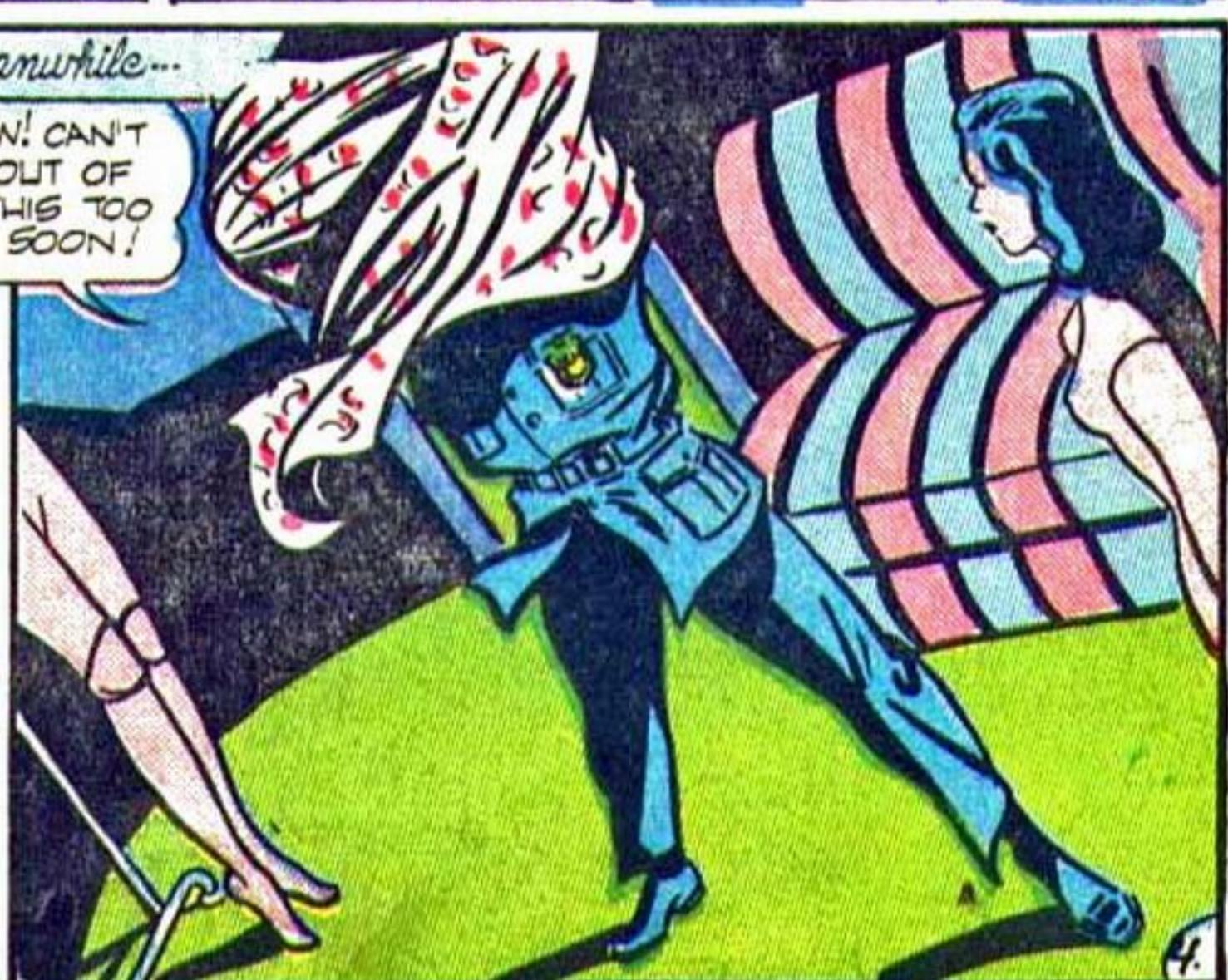
SAY...WHAT'S  
GOING ON HERE  
ANYWAY?



CLAUDETTE WEEL  
TAKE GOOD CARE  
OF YOU, MAMSELLE!  
PARDONNE! I MUST  
TAKE CARE OF  
SOMETHING!

Meanwhile...

WHEW! CAN'T  
GET OUT OF  
THIS TOO  
SOON!



HMM... I SEEM TO HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE DUMMY ROOM... EXACTLY WHERE I BELONG FOR LETTING MYSELF BE TALKED INTO THIS!

HEY... THAT BLOTCH UNDER THE PORTIERE...

IT LOOKS LIKE BLOOD!

HOLY HANNAH!

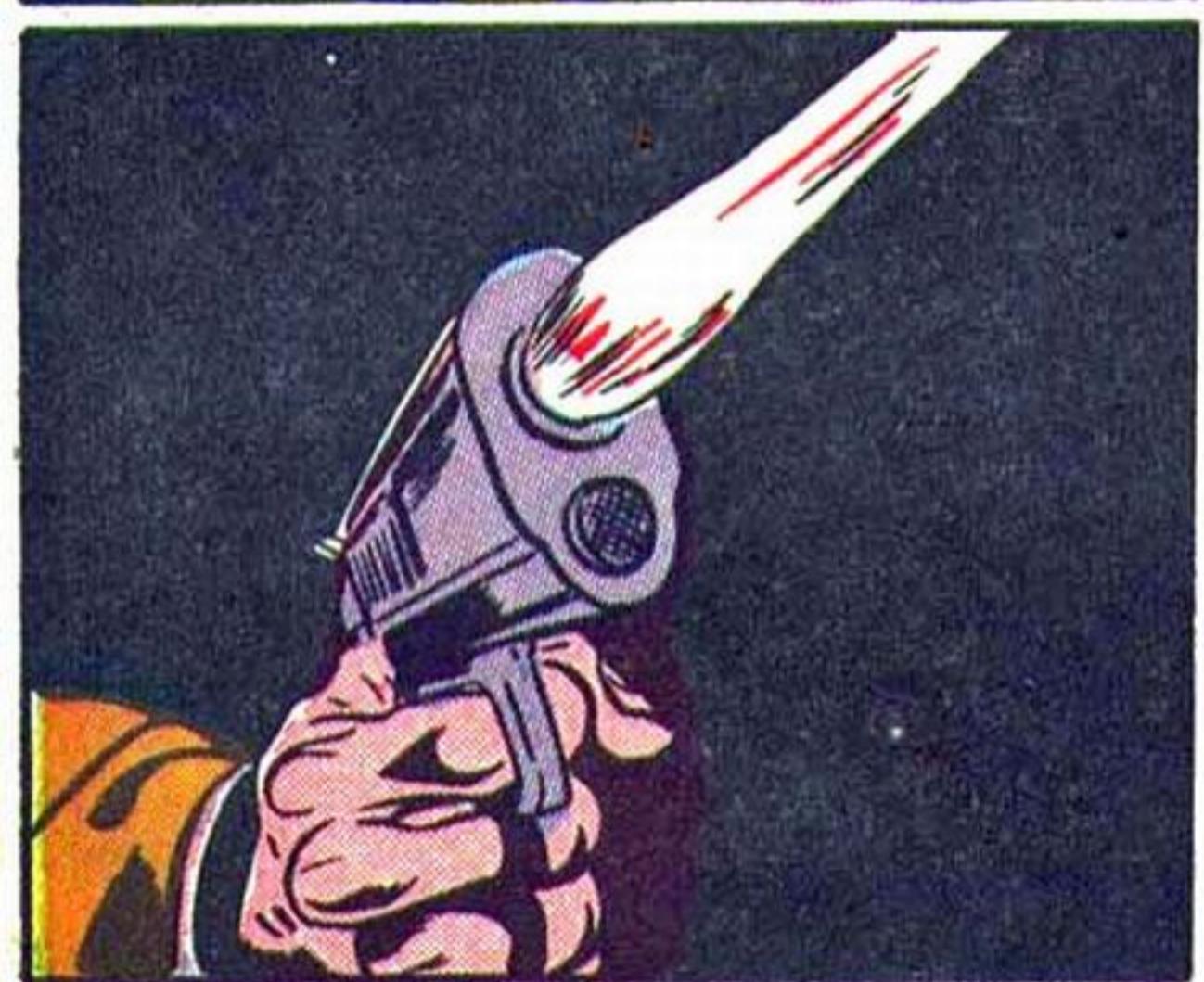
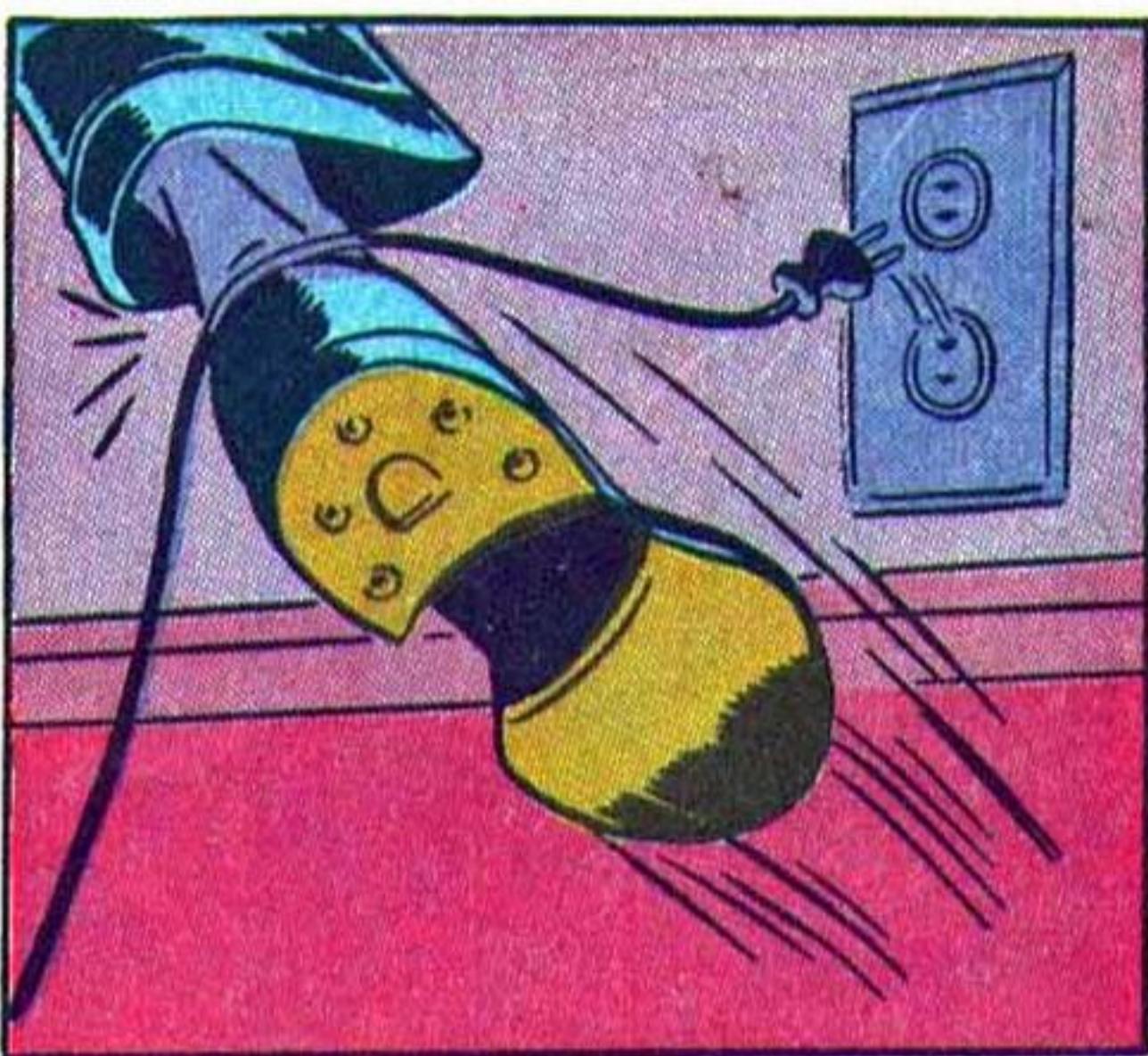
SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD!

NOW, AIN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE!

'CAUSE THAT'S JUST WHERE YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!

TRIGGER TOMASI—  
THE JEWEL CROOK!

SURE, AND HENRI IS THE BIGGEST FENCE IN TOWN! THAT DAME WAS ONE OF HIS MODELS WHO FOUND OUT MORE THAN WAS GOOD FOR HER--LIKE YOU!



I WONDER WHY KID  
IS TAKING SO LONG?  
I'LL GO SEE WHAT'S  
KEEPING HIM!

YOU'LL  
STAY  
RIGHT  
HERE!



I THINK  
HENRI MUST  
HAVE **TAKEN**  
**CARE** OF  
YOUR POLICE-  
MAN FRIEND  
BY NOW!

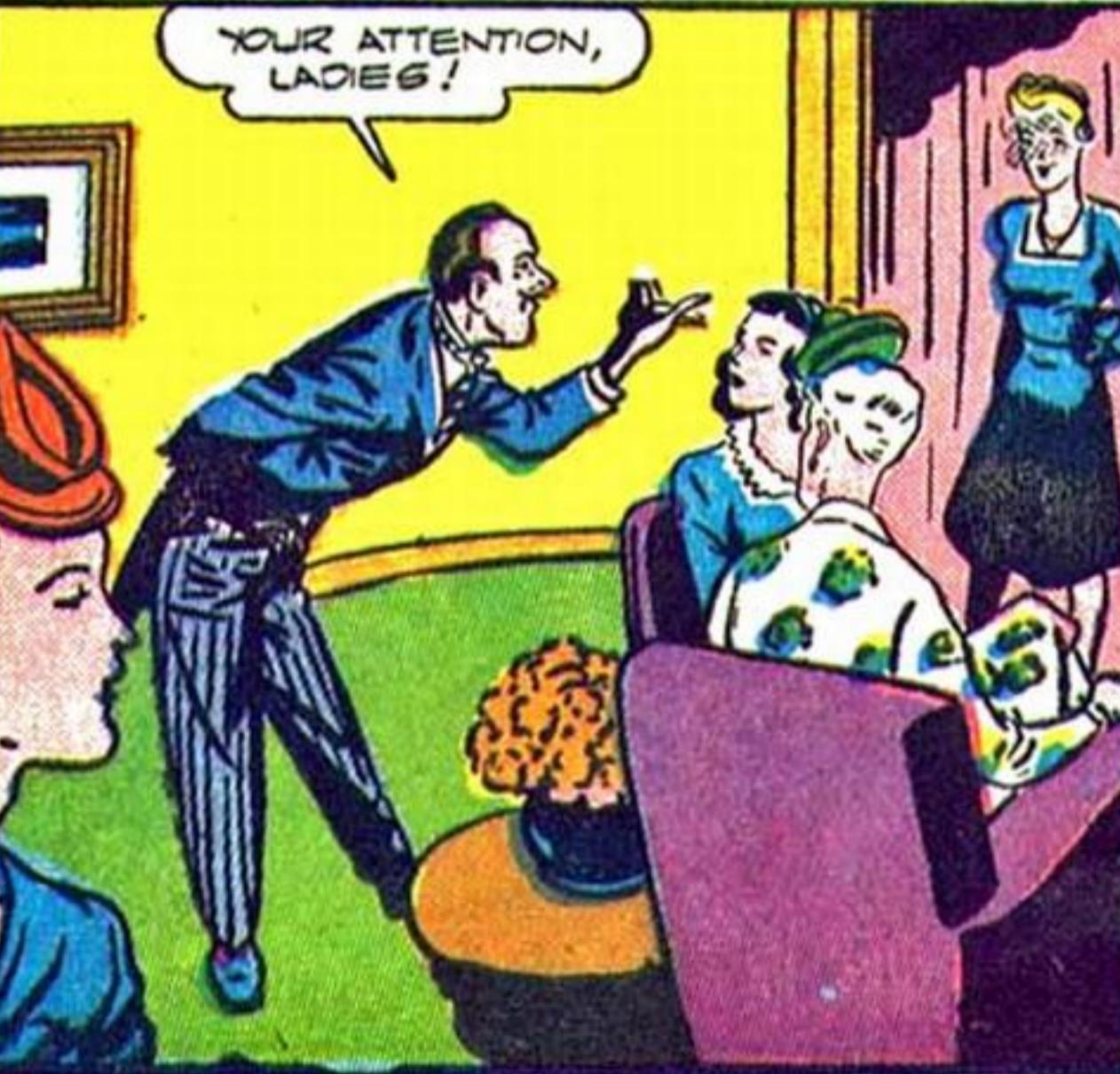
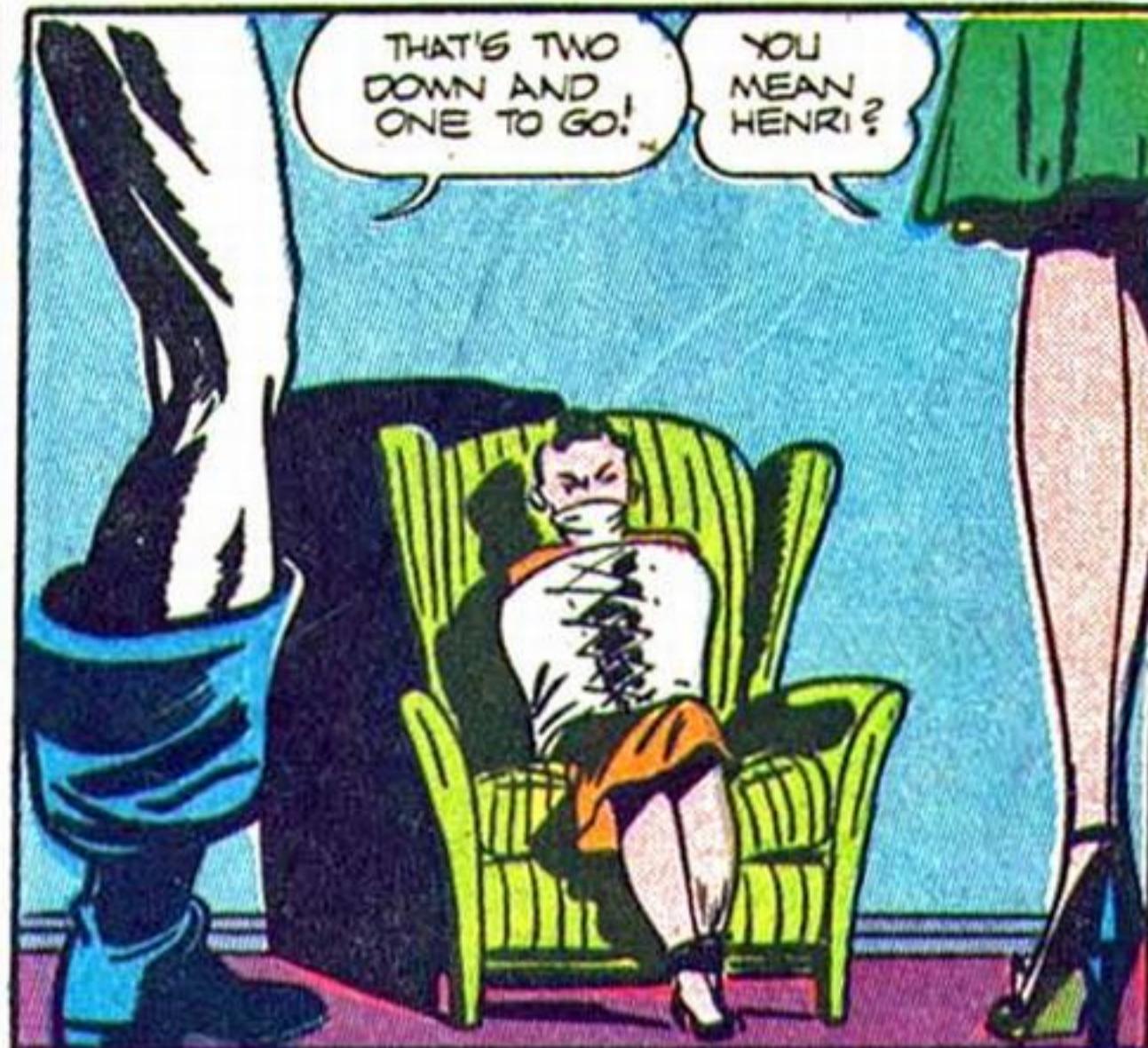
SO NOW, CLAUDETTE  
**TAKES CARE OF**  
YOU!



VERY FETCHING, THIS  
VEIL, EH, BARBARA?

YES, HOOD! IN FACT, **IT'S**  
**A KNOCKOUT!**

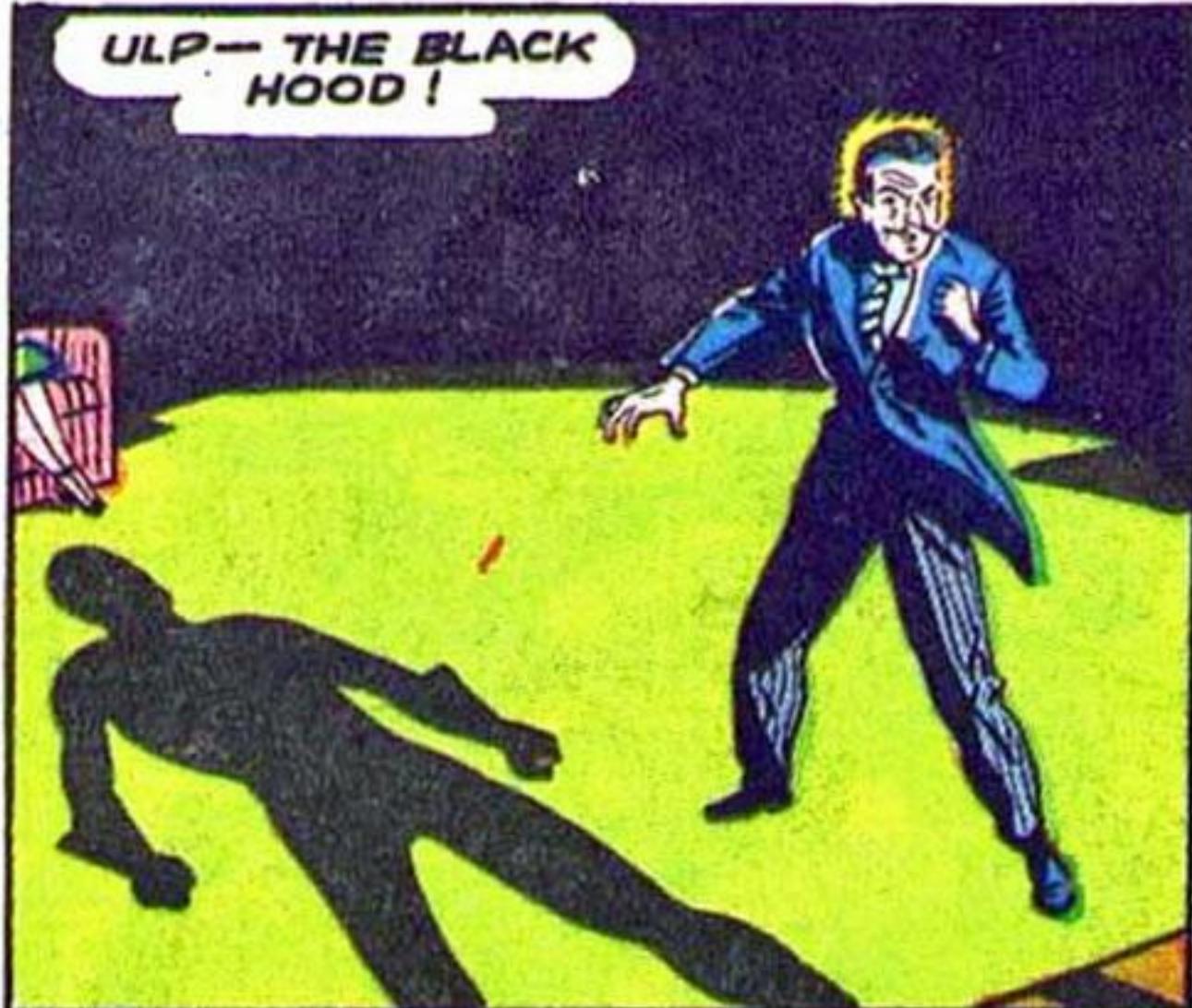




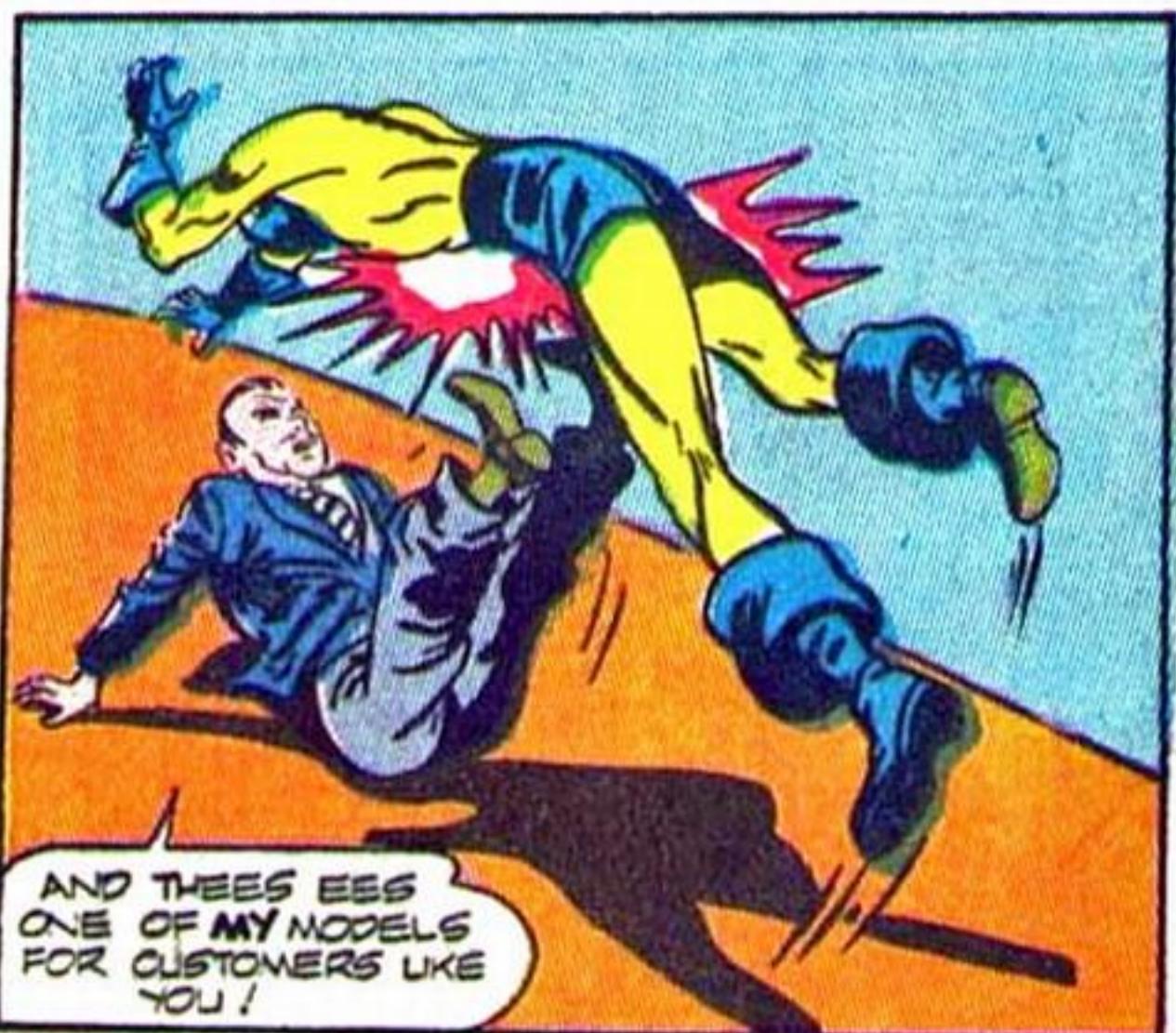
BUT WHAT YOU  
SHALL SEE WEEL  
BE MOST  
UNUSUAL!

YOU SAID A,  
MOUTHFUL!

ULP— THE BLACK  
HOOD !



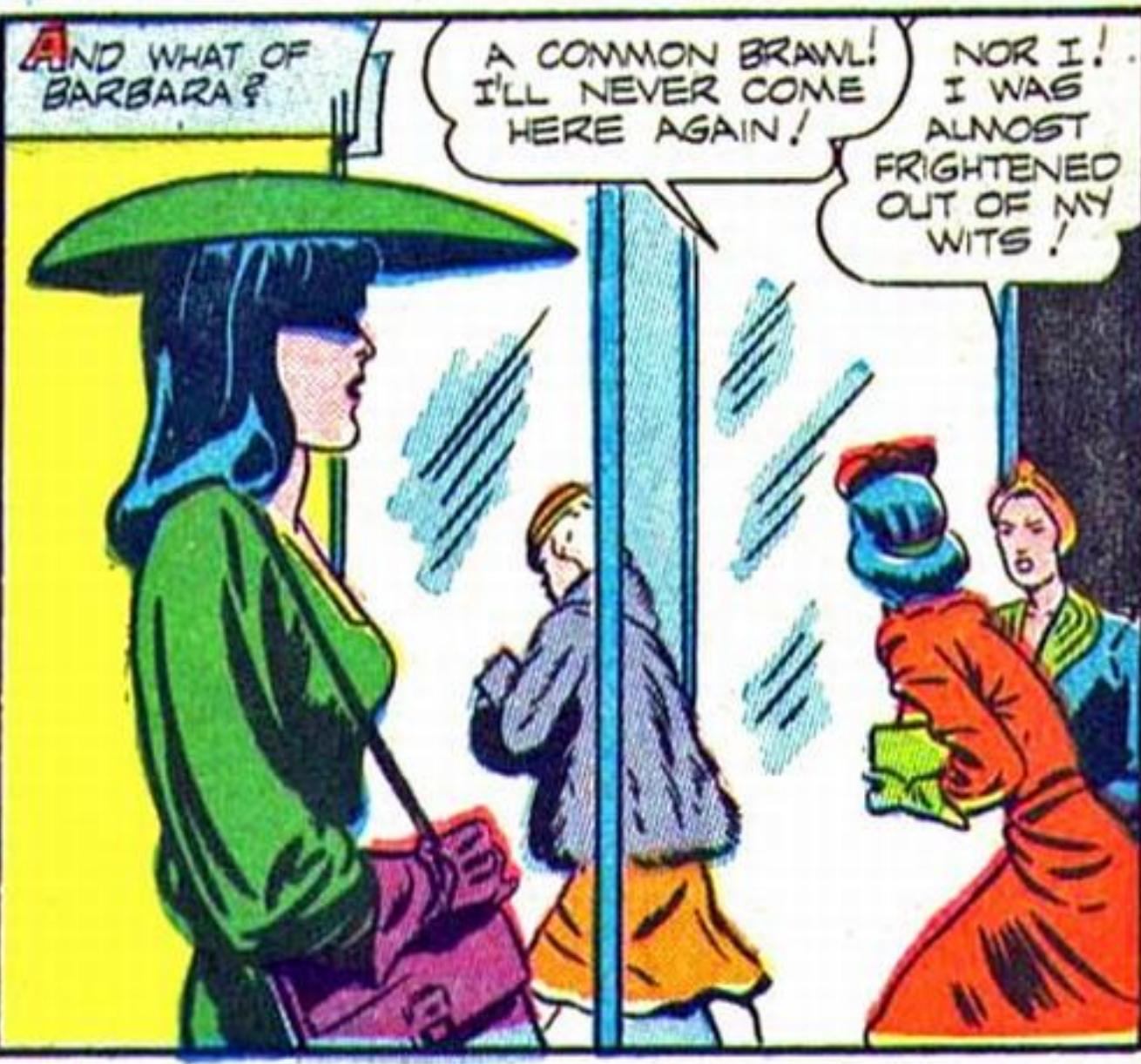
HERE'S A CREATION  
THAT'S EXCLUSIVE  
WITH ME !



AND THEES EES  
ONE OF MY MODELS  
FOR CUSTOMERS LIKE  
YOU !

EET EES CALLED  
LA SAVATE,  
HOOD !





JUST A MINUTE,  
MADAM!

OUT OF MY  
WAY, YOU, OR  
I'LL ...

TSK...TSK... IS THAT  
A WAY FOR A LADY  
TO ACT?

OR MAYBE YOU'RE  
NO LADY!

BARBARA!  
DID I HEAR  
YOU YELL?

AND HOW! I CAUGHT  
YOU YOUR RAT!

WELL, WELL,  
SO YOU DID!

BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU SPOT HIM BEHIND THIS CAMOUFLAGE?

SIMPLE!

NO WOMAN THAT WAS EVER BORN WOULD PASS A MIRROR WITHOUT LOOKING IN IT!

LATER IN THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

SPLENDID WORK, BURLAND - SPLEN-DID!

WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET OUR HANDS ON THAT FENCE AND HIS MOB FOR MONTHS. HOW DID YOU DO IT?

WELL.. UH... MISS SUTTON HAS AN AUNT FANNY WHO WEARS THE SAME SIZE DRESS I DO... UH.. NO.. I MEAN... THAT IS.. GULP...

SHUCKS.. ALL I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT THE CREDIT BELONGS ALL TO MISS SUTTON, SIR!

FINE GIRL! MISS SUTTON'S  
A NEWSPAPER WOMAN,  
ISN'T SHE, SERGEANT  
MCGINTY?

WHY.. UH.. SURE  
COMMISSIONER.  
COVERS MY PRECINCT!

I WANT YOU TO  
EXTEND HER EVERY  
CO-OPERATION-IS  
THAT CLEAR?

IT IS, SIR!



WOW! WHAT A PICTURE  
THAT WOULDA MADE,  
BEJABBERS! YOU DECKED  
OUT LIKE A GLAMOR  
GIRL!

I DON'T THINK  
IT'S SO FUNNY!

SAY! I MANAGED TO  
PICK UP ANOTHER  
DRESS FOR MY AUNT  
FANNY, SARGE!

HAW, HAW... THIS'LL  
KILL ME. LESSEE HOW  
IT LOOKS ON THAT  
BEEYOOTIFUL  
MAN!



NO... HE'S NOT  
QUITE THE SIZE  
BUT...

NOW WAIT.  
A MINUTE!  
DON'T BE  
LOOKIN' AT  
ME!

STOP FUSS-  
ING. REMEM-  
BER WHAT  
THE COMMI-  
SSIONER SAID!  
CO-OPERA-  
TION!

MY WHAT LOVE-  
LY EYES YOUR  
AUNT FANNY  
HAS BARBARA!



# THE LAST LAUGH

## A BLACK HOOD STORY

By HARRY KAMES

STONEY peered cautiously out of the doorway, up and down the darkened streets. It was a raw, damp night, and a misty drizzle hung in the air. That was perfect. He could pull up the collar of his coat, and yank down the brim of his hat without attracting undue attention. Not that he was worried about being recognized. Everything was working out perfectly for Stoney Jackson from the time he crashed out of the pen two weeks ago until this very minute when he was on his way to the train! Then on to Mexico . . . and safety. Right now the cops were probably looking for him everywhere and anywhere but right here in Northville. Stoney patted the breast of his coat and felt the comforting bulge of the faked visa and the well-filled billfold. Nope.

There wasn't a thing to worry about. In just a few minutes he'd be on his way to safety. But just the same, Stoney hesitated before emerging from the protective shadows of the hallway. At last he flicked his butt into the gutter, stepped out, and made his way through the drizzly fog. He decided to walk to the station. It was only a short way, and cab drivers had notoriously long memories. Stoney started counting the steps, exultingly. For each one brought him further away from the cops and closer to freedom.

He turned the corner, and saw the tall spire of the railroad station. He had a terrific impulse to run this last short distance, but curbed it. Then it happened. "Hey you, wait a minute," came the call from behind.

Stoney came up stock

still, stunned for a moment. He turned slowly as though it were a huge effort. His eyes bugged. It was a copper. They had caught up with him, at the last split second. But how. How! This time. Stoney did run. The cop's pace quickened in pursuit. Stoney darted into the deserted terminal. He darted behind a pillar, flattened himself against it, and yanked a rod from his coat pocket. The cop came, and Stoney drew a bead. He pressed the trigger. A red spurt traced its way toward the cop, and lifted his hat off. Stoney cursed, pumped two more bullets at the cop, but they splintered into the thick wooden bench behind which the cop had ducked.

Then Stoney plunged toward the exit door of the terminal. Behind the bench, the squatting cop

did a strange thing. He started to peel off his uniform, and when he emerged from his place of hiding, it was no longer as the patrolman Kip Burland, but the ominous figure of THE BLACK HOOD.

The Hood took up the pursuit. It carried him out on the passenger platform where a conductor, standing on the step of a train was waving a glowing lamp. The train started to chug. For a moment, the Hood was undecided. The guy might have gotten on the train. But if he hadn't and the Hood were to board it . . .

The Black Hood took a long chance, and let the train chug its way out of the station. His hunch was well rewarded, for as he made his way through the murk of the night and along the tracks, a shot rang out, and hot wind seared his cheek as the bullet zinged by. The Hood spotted his man . . . atop a refrigerator car. Swiftly, the Hood ducked between the two adjacent cars, and made his way up the cat ladder. But not before he had picked up a

stray barrel cover lying on the ground. Cautiously, he climbed upward, then, he slowly pushed the barrel cover aloft, over the roof of the car. A bullet tore it out of his hand. "That makes five," the Hood mused grimly. "I'll have to chance his sixth and last bullet." His powerful leg muscles uncoiled like taut springs, and he plummeted upward. Stoney must have realized too that it was his last bullet, for the next shot went wide enough of its mark to indicate the shooter was rattled.

Stoney ran crazily along the train top. He knew now who was his pursuer, the one person in the whole world he most feared—The Black Hood! It must have been this knowledge that numbed his brain! Paralyzed his reasoning powers. That, plus the fact that if he were taken alive, he'd burn for having knocked off that prison guard.

The Hood was gaining on him. Almost on top of him now. Stoney knew the game was up. The clanging of a train bell seeped into his panicky

brain, like a bad dream. A train was pulling into the station along the one he was trapped on. "You will never take me alive, Hood," he shrieked. And jumped. The train, which wasn't going very fast, came to a grinding halt. But it rolled enough to mash the life out of Stoney Jackson, leaving forever unanswered the question clamoring in his brain. . . . How did they find me? How! HOW!

It was a short while later that patrolman Kip Burland elbowed his way through the freight hands, engineers and conductors who had dragged the bloody corpse out onto the platform. He looked at the still unmarred face of his heretofore unknown quarry. It wasn't too difficult to identify him. There had been enough posters and pictures printed of the fugitive.

"Well, Stoney," soliloquized Kip, "I guess justice laughed last — and very loud—at you. All I wanted to do when you shot at me was to give you back your wallet you'd dropped."

# Flying Dragons

HIGH IN THE SKIES  
IN CENTRAL CHINA SMALL  
SPECKS DIVE AND SWOOP—  
OCCASIONALLY THE SOUND OF  
GUNFIRE IS WAFTED TO THE EARTH.  
SUDDENLY ONE PLANE SHUDDERS  
MOMENTARILY AND THEN SWOOPS  
DOWN AT TERRIFIC SPEED—



Bill Vugan

IT'S THE FLYING DRAGONS...  
MICKEY AND HANK...FIGHTING  
WITH THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS...

WE MADE  
IT.. HANK!

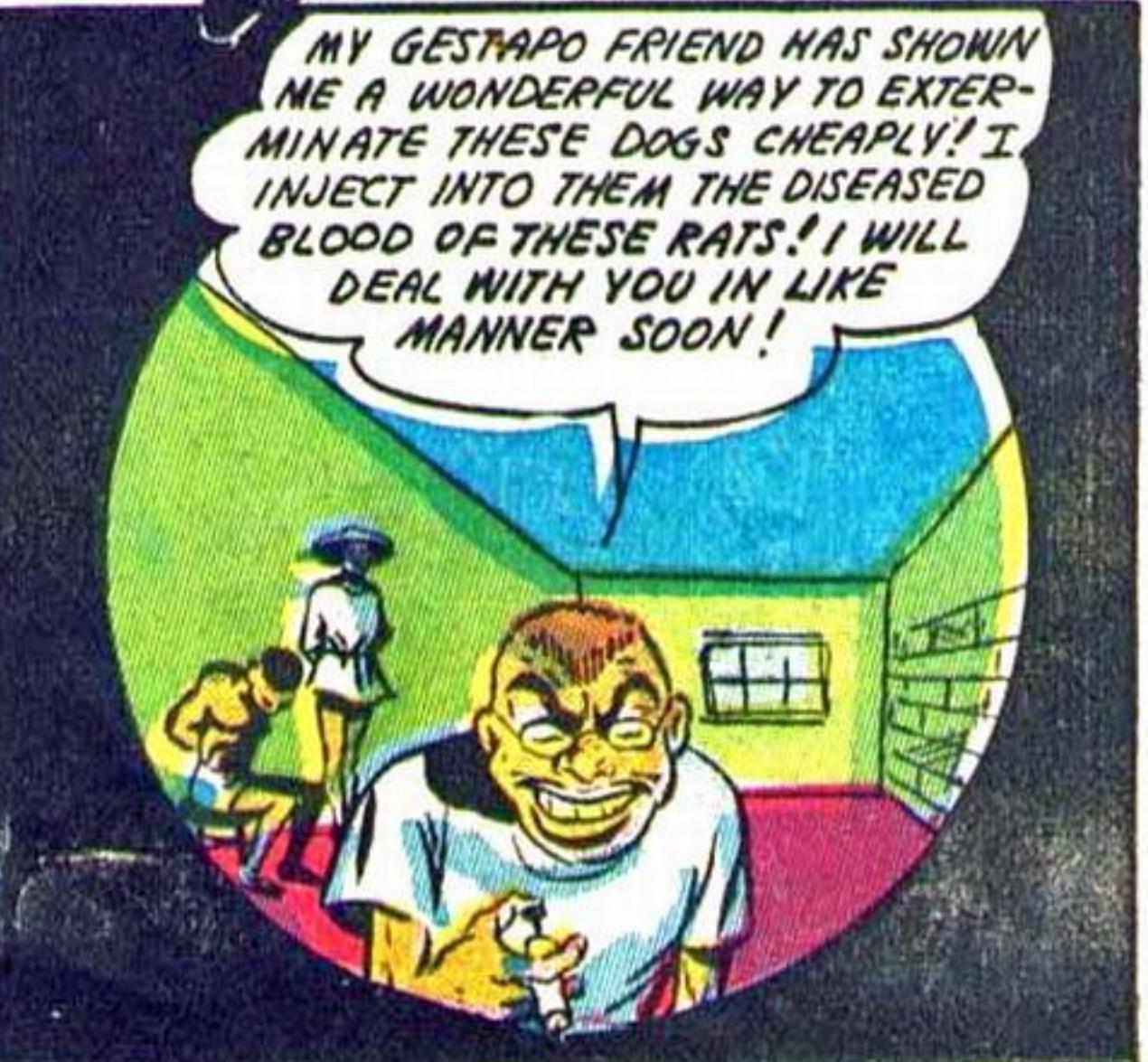
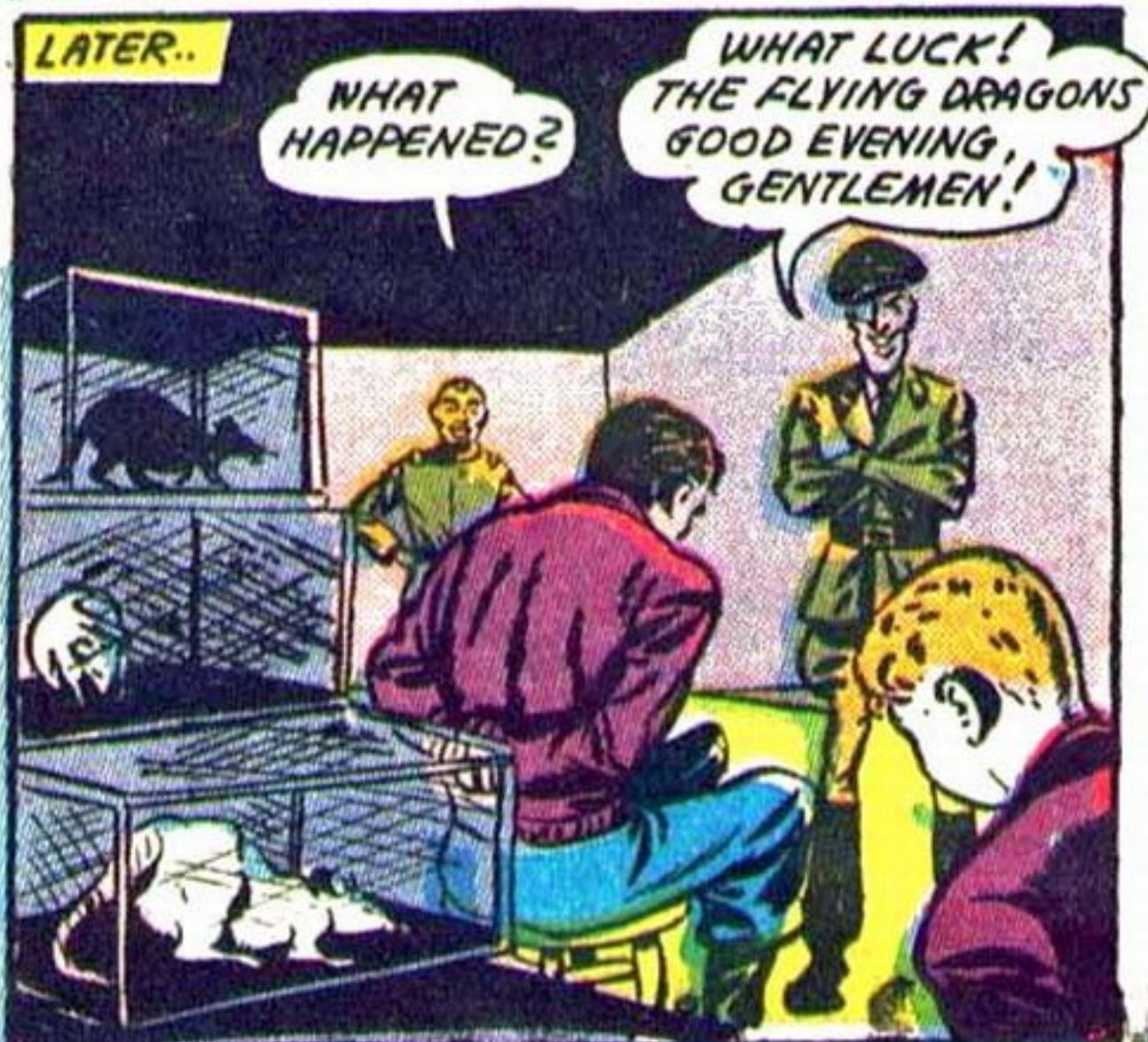
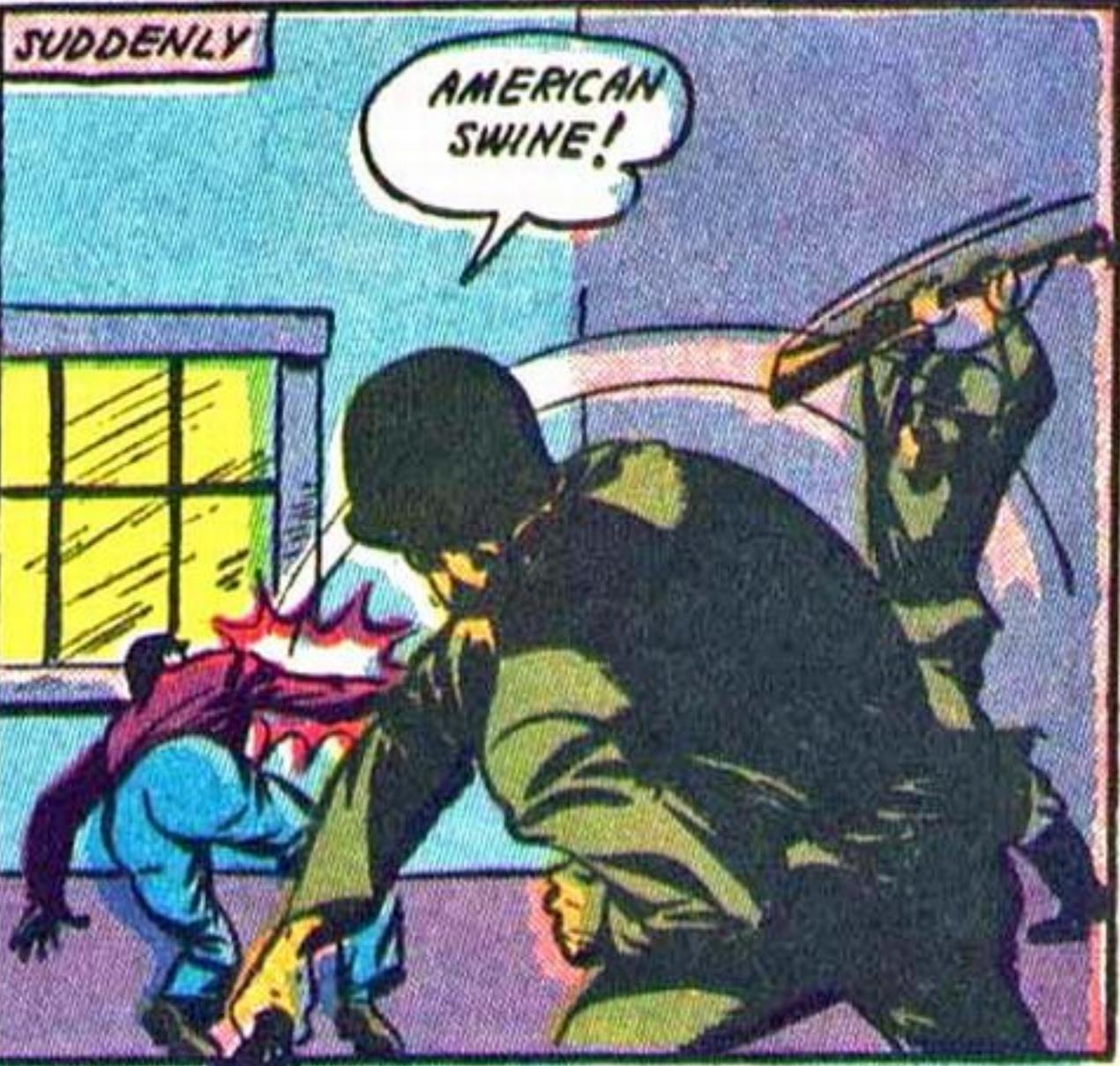
FUEL LINE IS  
BROKEN.. AND WE  
HAVE NOTHING TO  
PATCH IT UP WITH—  
DARN THE LUCK!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA!  
THERE'S A TOWN NEARBY  
WHERE WE CAN GET SOME  
HELP.. BUT CAREFUL, WE'RE  
IN OCCUPIED TERRITORY!

RIGHT WITH  
YOU, HANK!

WE TURN DOWN THIS  
ROAD ACCORDING TO MY  
MAP.. HEY.. WAIT A MIN-  
UTE! WHAT'S THAT  
HOUSE?

IT DOESN'T SHOW  
ON THE MAP!



RATS, EH? SAY, IF I COULD! IT MIGHT WORK! BUT I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!

YOU DIRTY MONSTERS!

PREPARE YOUR-SELVES, FOOLS!

PSST! HANK! PUT YOUR HANDS INTO THE CAGE! THE RATS WILL GNAW AT THE ROPES!

GOOD IDEA!

YOU WON'T FEEL A THING! JUST SLEEPY!

C'MON, RATS! DO YOUR STUFF!

VERY CLEVER! BUT QUITE USELESS!

YOUR DEDUCTIONS ARE A BIT TOO HASTY, NAZI!

OUCH!

ALL RIGHT YOU TWO...  
OFF WITH THOSE  
CLOTHES! AND MAKE  
IT SNAPPY!

ALL YOU  
PEOPLE GO  
HOME!



LATER...

HANK!  
I'VE FOUND SOME  
WIRE AND TAPE!  
JUST WHAT WE  
NEED TO FIX THAT  
OIL LINE!

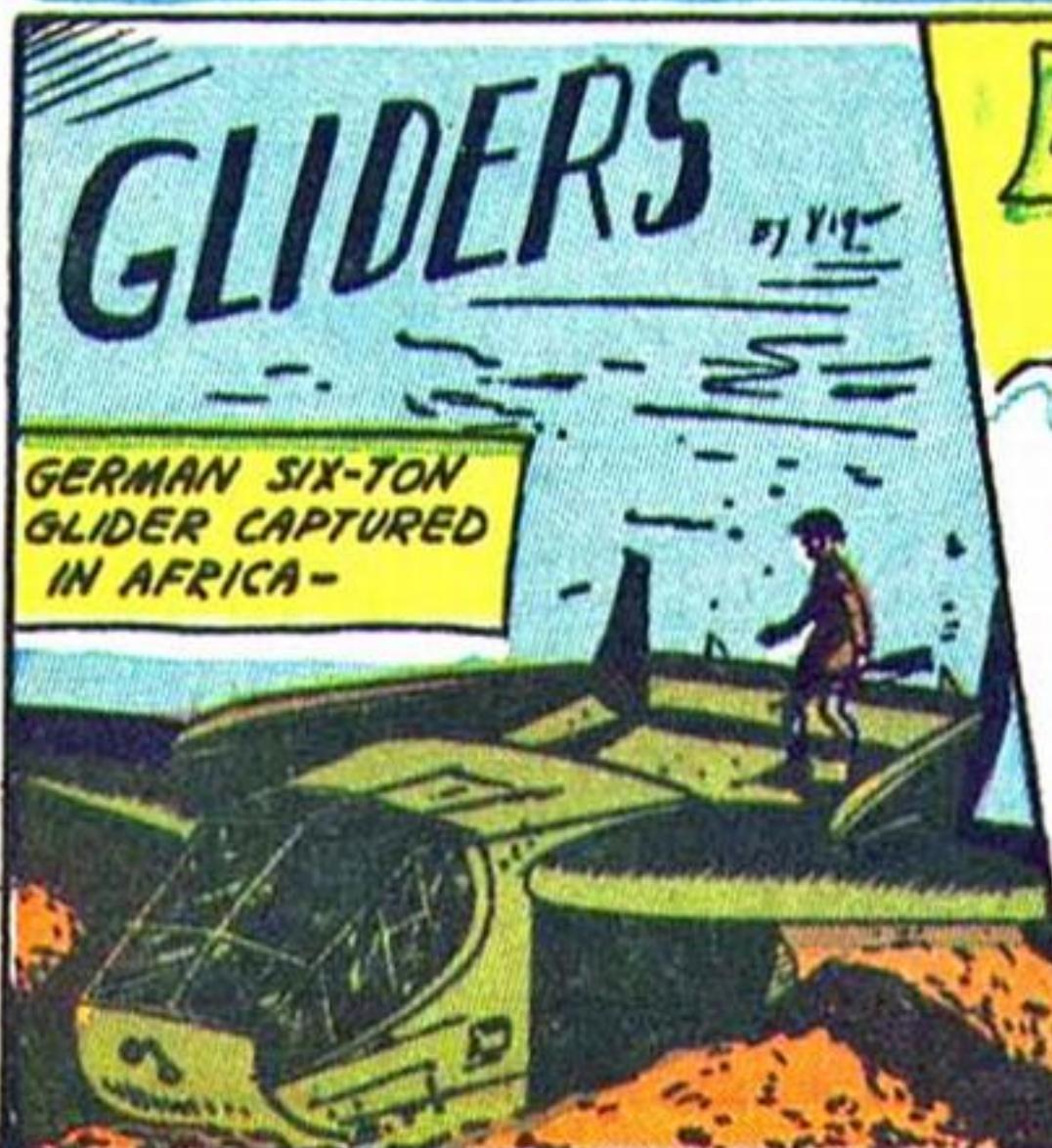
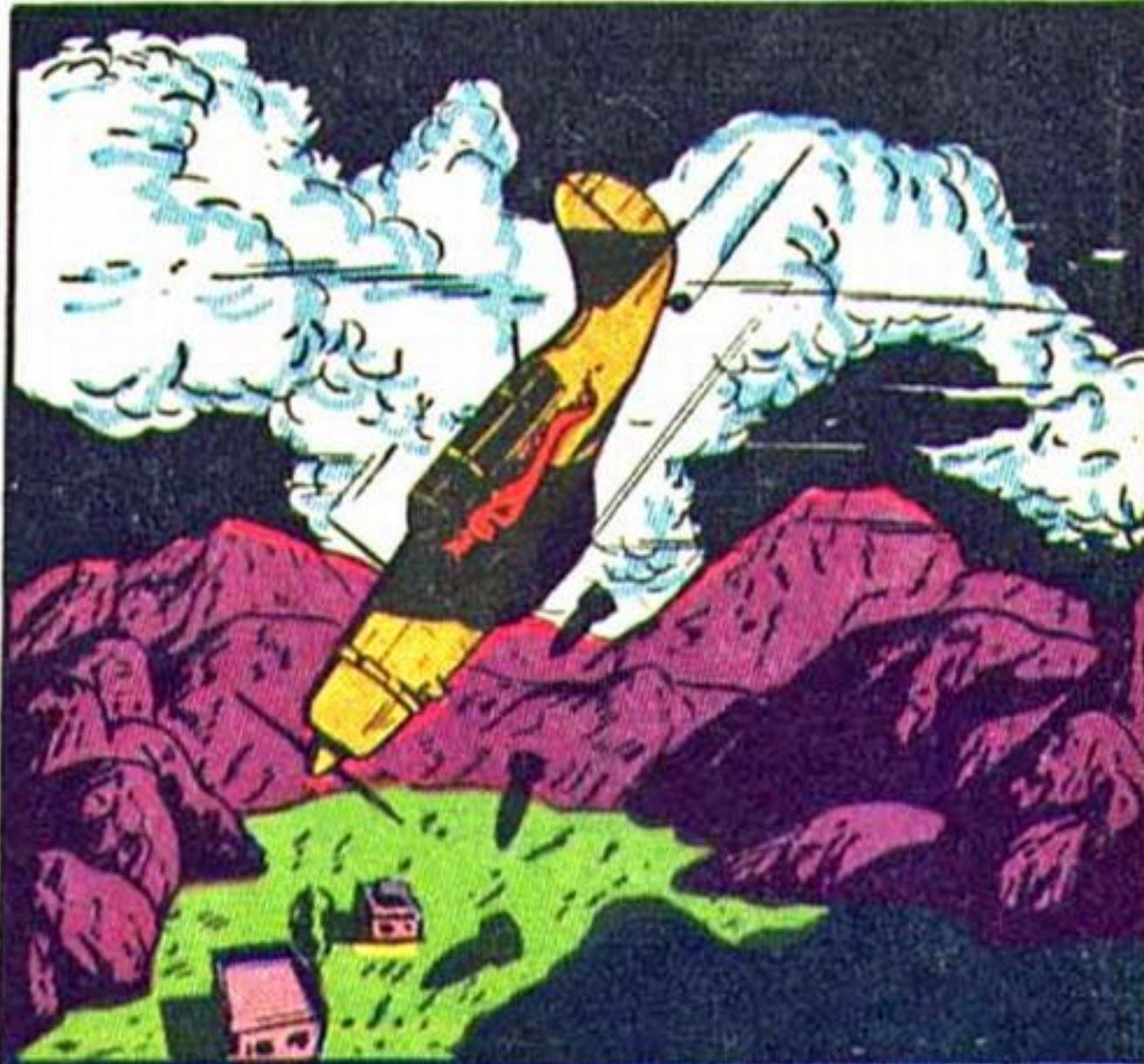
FINE!  
LET'S GET  
GOING!



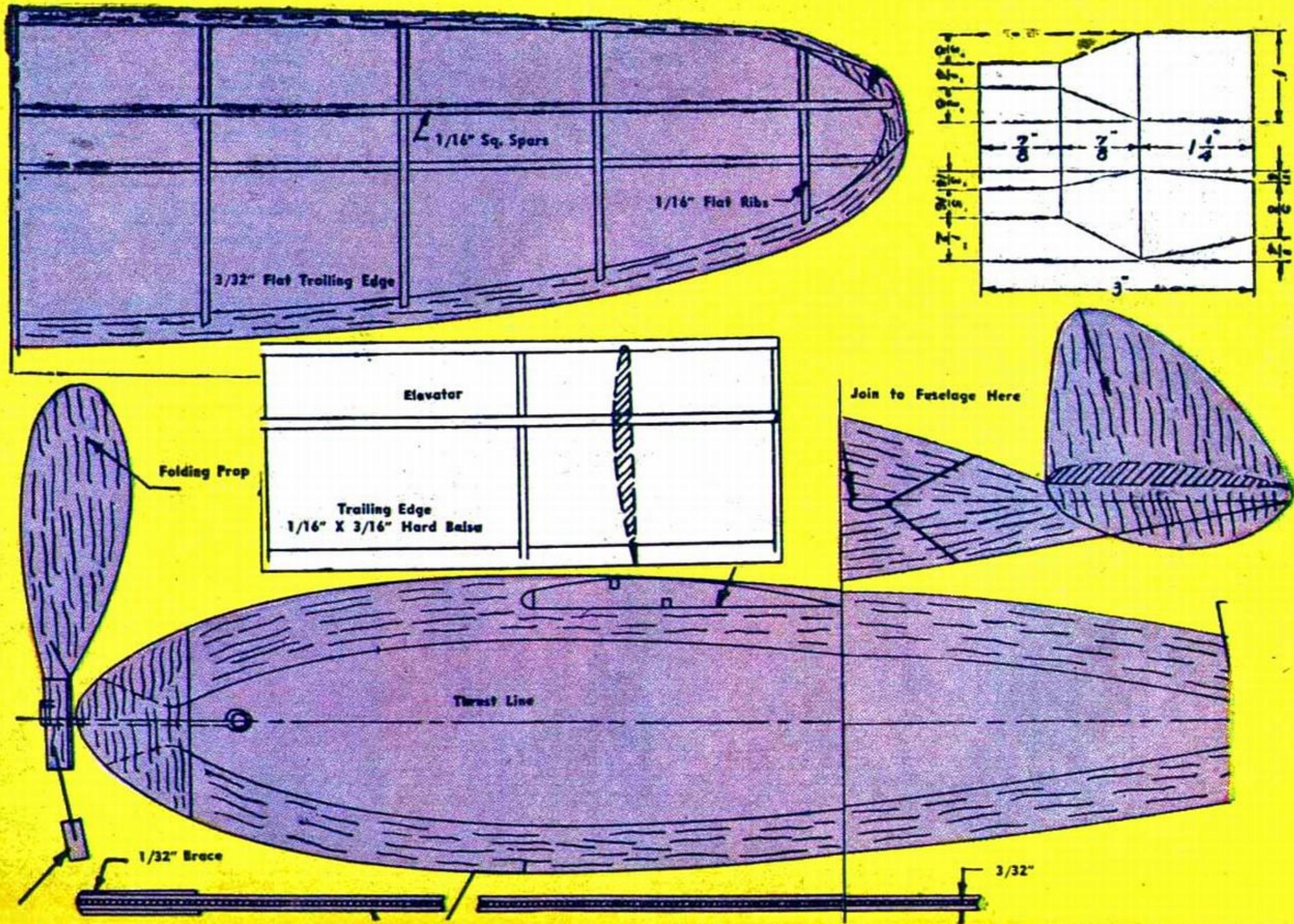
MICKEY AND HANK GET TO THEIR PLANE SAFELY  
AND SOON HAVE IT IN FLYING CONDITION..

THE GROUND IS ROCKY  
SO SET YOURSELVES  
FOR BUMPS!  
HERE GOES!





# JUNIOR FLYING CORPS



# The Flying GREMLIN



HERE IS A SMALL, streamlined profile job with a realistic look and a contest climb and flat glide. It is designed either for the balsa butcher who wants to turn out a "quickie" or a novice who wants to get acquainted with folding props and contest plane adjustment. The whole job can be built at a sitting.

## FUSELAGE AND WING

The fuselage is a profile one made up of three  $1/32"$  sheet balsa with grain running as shown on the plans. Note the bracing at the nose. Carefully sand and clear dope the fuselage three times. The simple landing gear and rear hooks are easily bent to shape and glued in place. Apply several coats (light) of glue to joints of this kind to

avoid blow holes in the glue joints.

Wing construction is simple and employs ordinary dihedral with a butt joint. Use the airfoil shown in the plans. Note double ellipse tips. Be sure to taper the trailing edge and round off the leading edge. Construct wing in plans in conventional manner, gluing joints securely. The other half of the wing can be developed easily with a pair of dividers or tracing paper. Carefully sand all joints before covering wing top and bottom. Glue the wing in place, allowing  $1/16"$  incidence with regard to the thrust line.

Conventional construction is employed on the stabilizer. Round out  $3/32"$  square leading edge and taper the trailing edge. Cut ribs of  $1/16$  sheet to the airfoil shown on the plans. Use hard wood

for  $1/16"$  square spar. Before covering, sand the stabilizer, which is covered top and bottom. Wet the paper lightly and allow to dry well before doping at least twice. Pin it down to avoid warps.

The rudders are cut from  $1/32"$  sheet to the shape shown. The rudders are doped once and sanded. Glue the rudders to the stabilizer. Glue the stabilizer to the rear part of the fuselage, making certain neither negative nor positive angle is given.

The propeller block is cut from medium hard balsa to the dimensions shown. Make a high pitch prop, carefully sanding to a thin airfoil. Note folder. Dope the prop with clear dope only and balance with solder as shown. The shaft is bent to the shape shown from #31 piano wire. (Note washers)

Rubber tubing is put around the hook to safeguard the rubber.

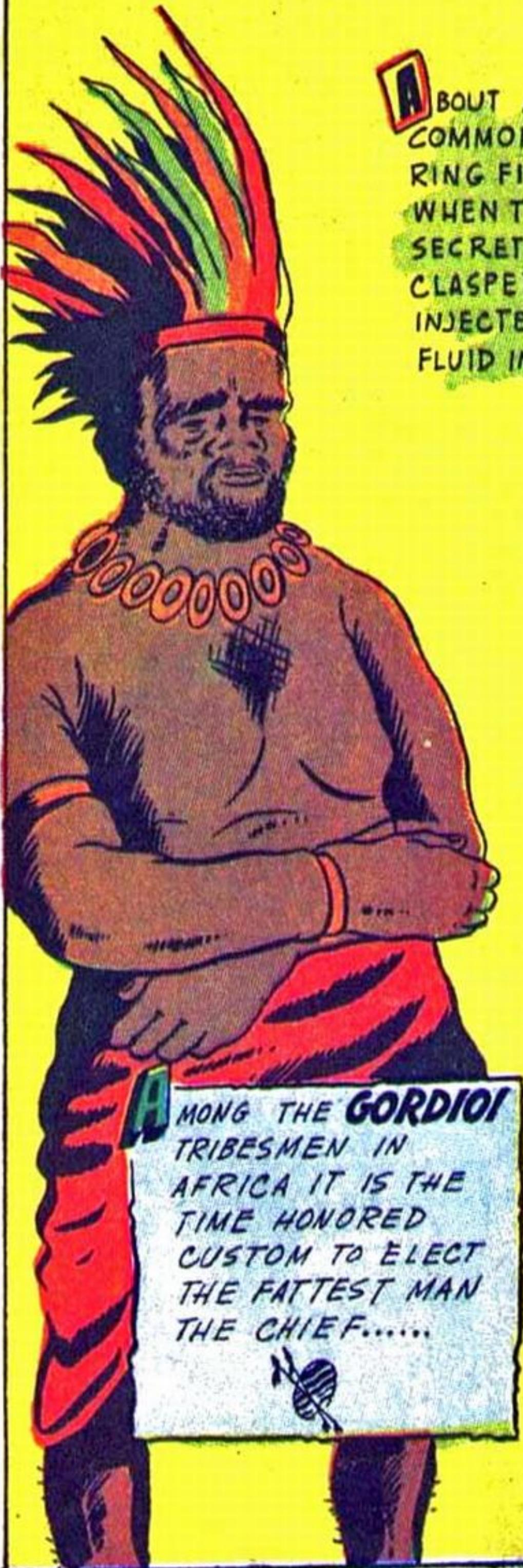
The motor is made up of four strands of  $1/8"$  flat rubber,  $11 \frac{1}{2}$ " in length. Put the rubber in the ship after lubricating it with green soap and glycerine.

Select a calm day for flying. Glide until a flat angle is obtained. Put left turn in the rudders so that the craft glides in tight left circles. Plenty of right thrust will make the ship climb slightly to the right and almost straight up. Ship is wound backwards from the rear hook. For adjusting, use only 200 winds, but for long flights, pack in 650 winds with a winder. You may find that adjusting takes time, but your patience shall be more than amply rewarded.

KND



# WORLD WONDERS



MONG THE **GORDIOI** TRIBESMEN IN AFRICA IT IS THE TIME HONORED CUSTOM TO ELECT THE FATTEST MAN THE CHIEF.....



## GUN COTTON

WAS DISCOVERED WHEN THE INVENTOR'S LABORATORY WAS BLOWN TO BITS... HE HAD UNWITTINGLY PLACED ACID SOAKED COTTON ON HIS STOVE TO DRY!



## the MOUNTAINEERS

ON THE NORTHWEST COAST OF NEW GUINEA THINK THE SPIRITS OF THEIR ANCESTORS LIVE IN THE TREES... SO THEY HANG FOOD FROM THE BRANCHES....

# The Black HOOD

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY

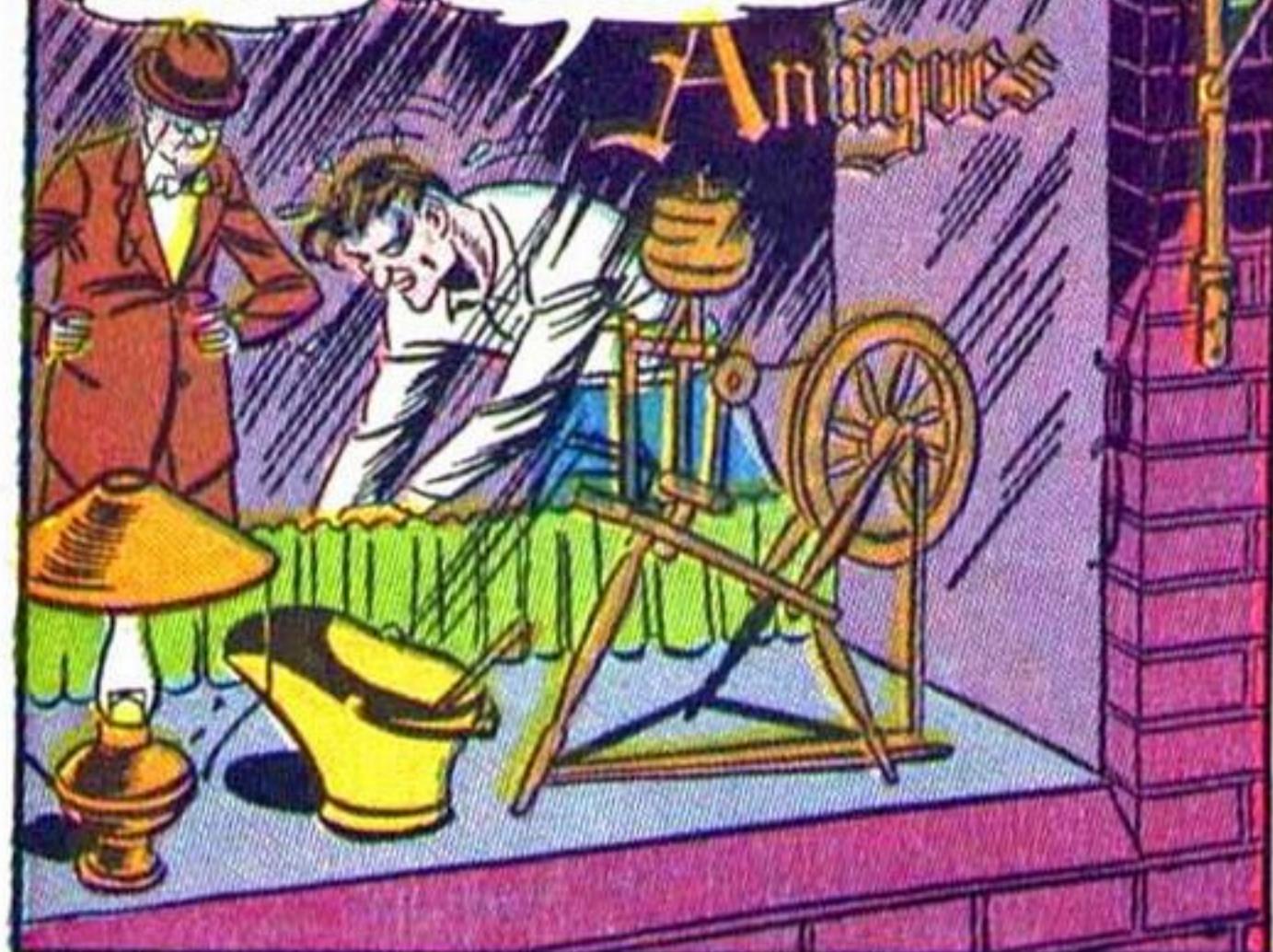
the CASE OF the  
**MAGIC SWORD**



HURRY, MY  
GOOD MAN

OOF—MUST BE  
STUCK PROFESSOR!

Antiques



HEY MAURICE!  
C'MERE AN'  
GIMME A  
HAND, WILL  
YOU?

SURE,  
JOE.

LIC  
ANTIQUE'S  
DELICATESSEN

Antiques

UGH—AGH—  
DANG THING  
WON'T COME  
LOOSE!

Antiques



G  
HEY MARTY! HOW'S ABOUT LEND-  
LEASIN' US SOME O' THAT MUSCLE  
FER A MINUTE! HUH?

SURE, JOE!

Antique



WHOOFFF—WON'T  
BUDGE AN INCH! BUT  
I'LL GET IT OUT  
OR BUST!

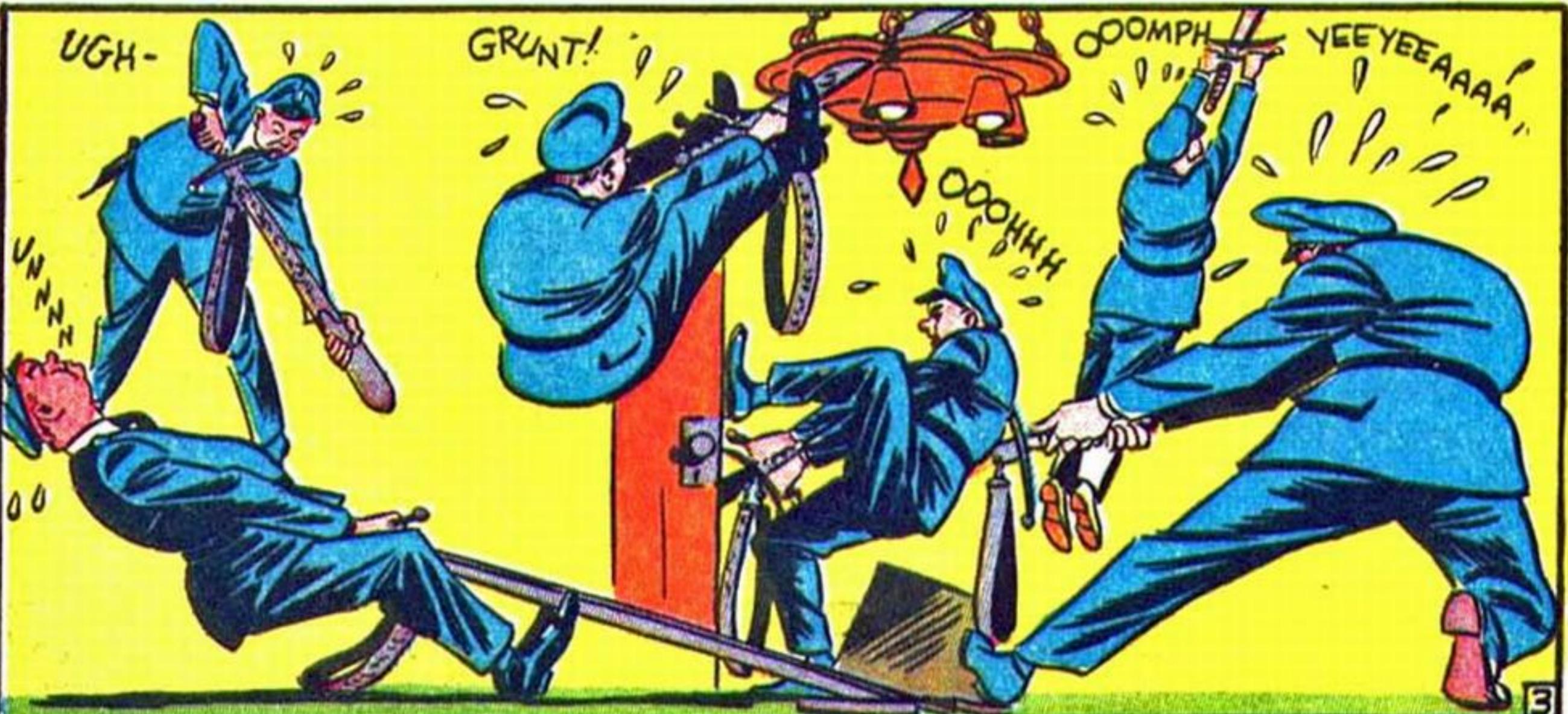
Antiques

HEY, WHAT'S THAT CROWD  
AROUND THE ANTIQUE  
SHOP FOR, KIP?

I DON'T KNOW, SARGE!  
BUT WE COULD PULL  
UP AND FIND OUT!

POLICE







... THEREFORE YOU,  
YOUNG MAN, MUST  
BE THE MIGHTIEST  
WARRIOR OF THIS  
AGE!

HUH?

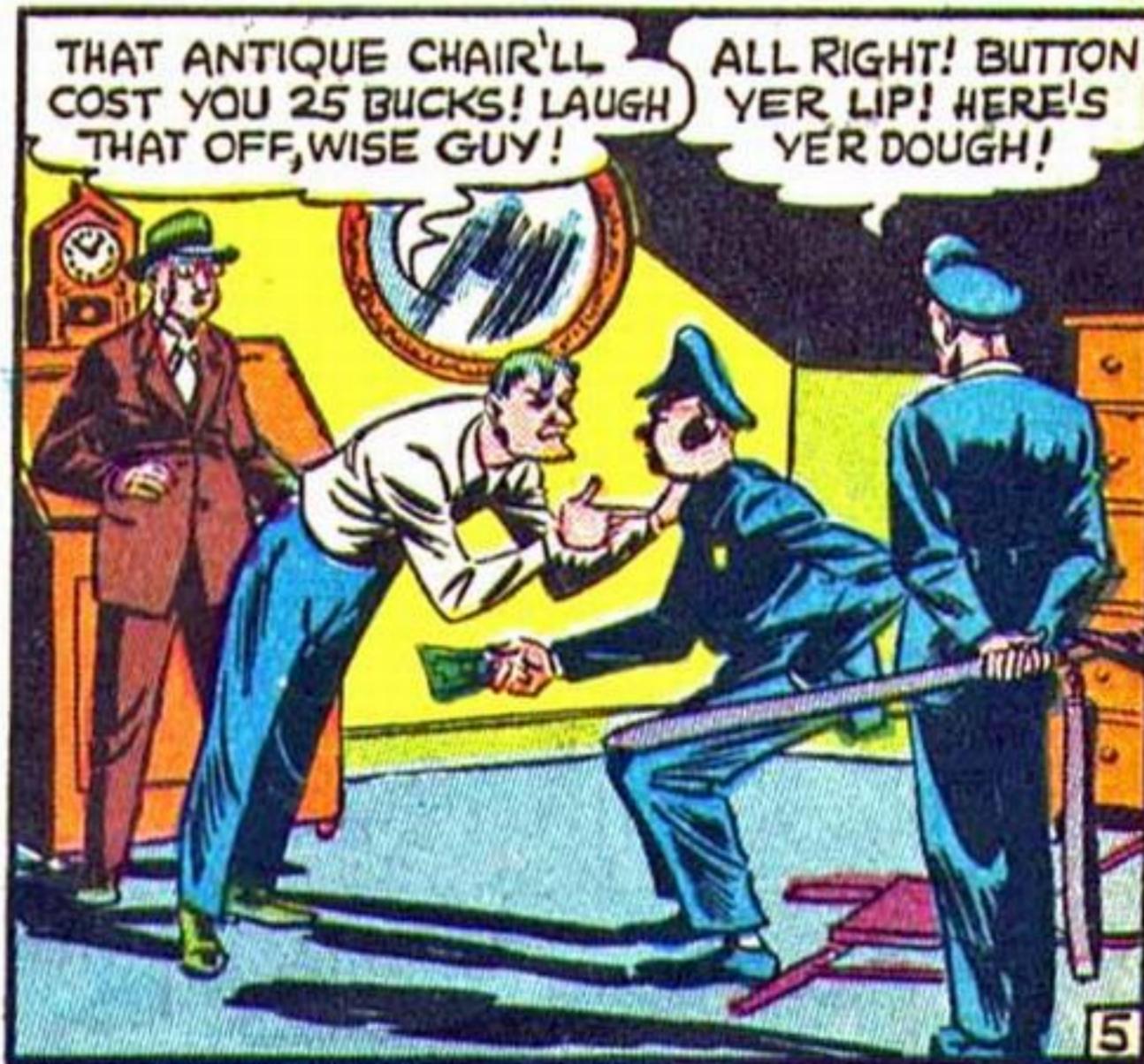
GEE WHIZ — I THOUGHT THE  
BLACK HOOD WAS THE TOUGHEST  
GUY IN THE WORLD! YOU  
AREN'T THE BLACK HOOD  
ARE YOU MISTER?

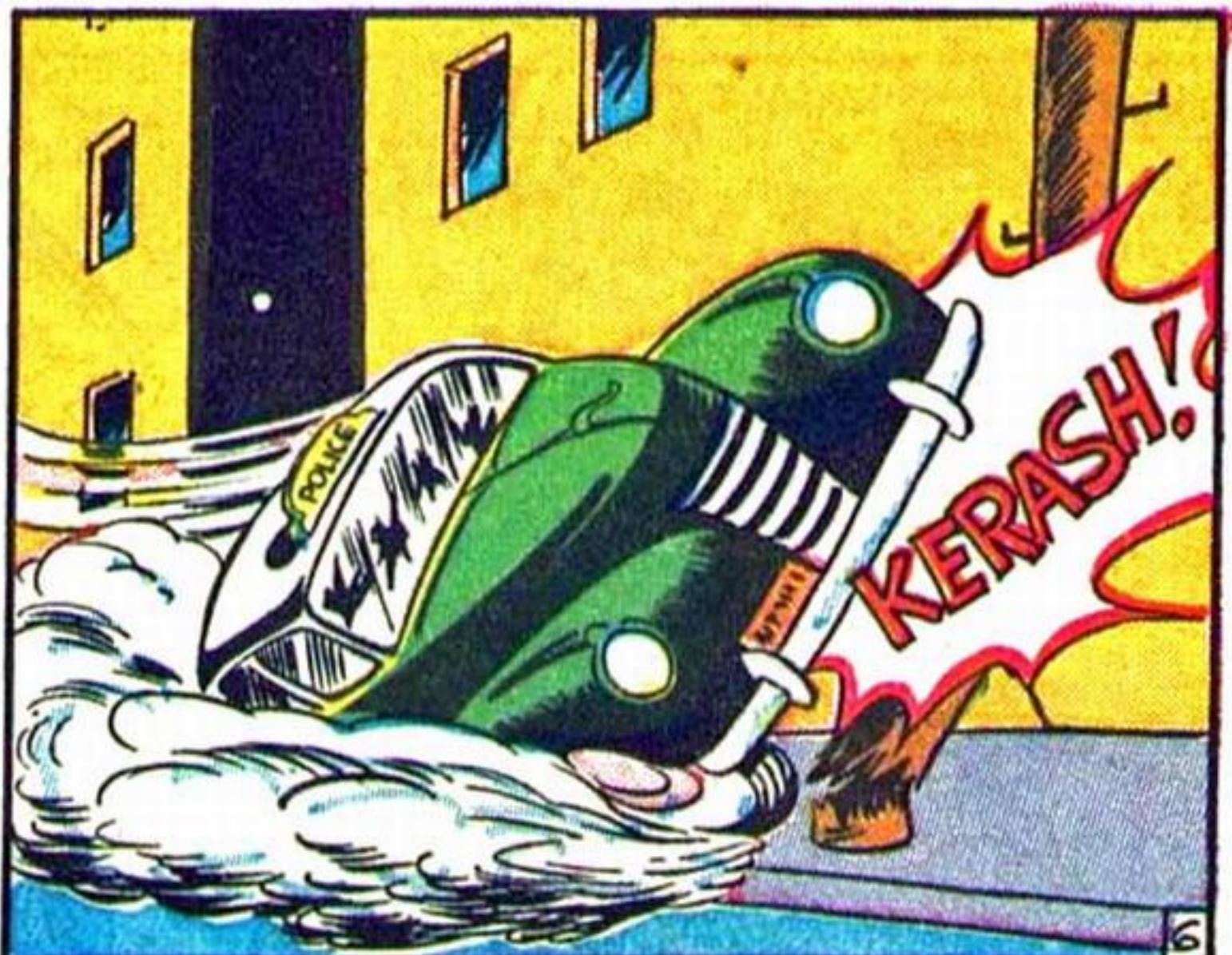
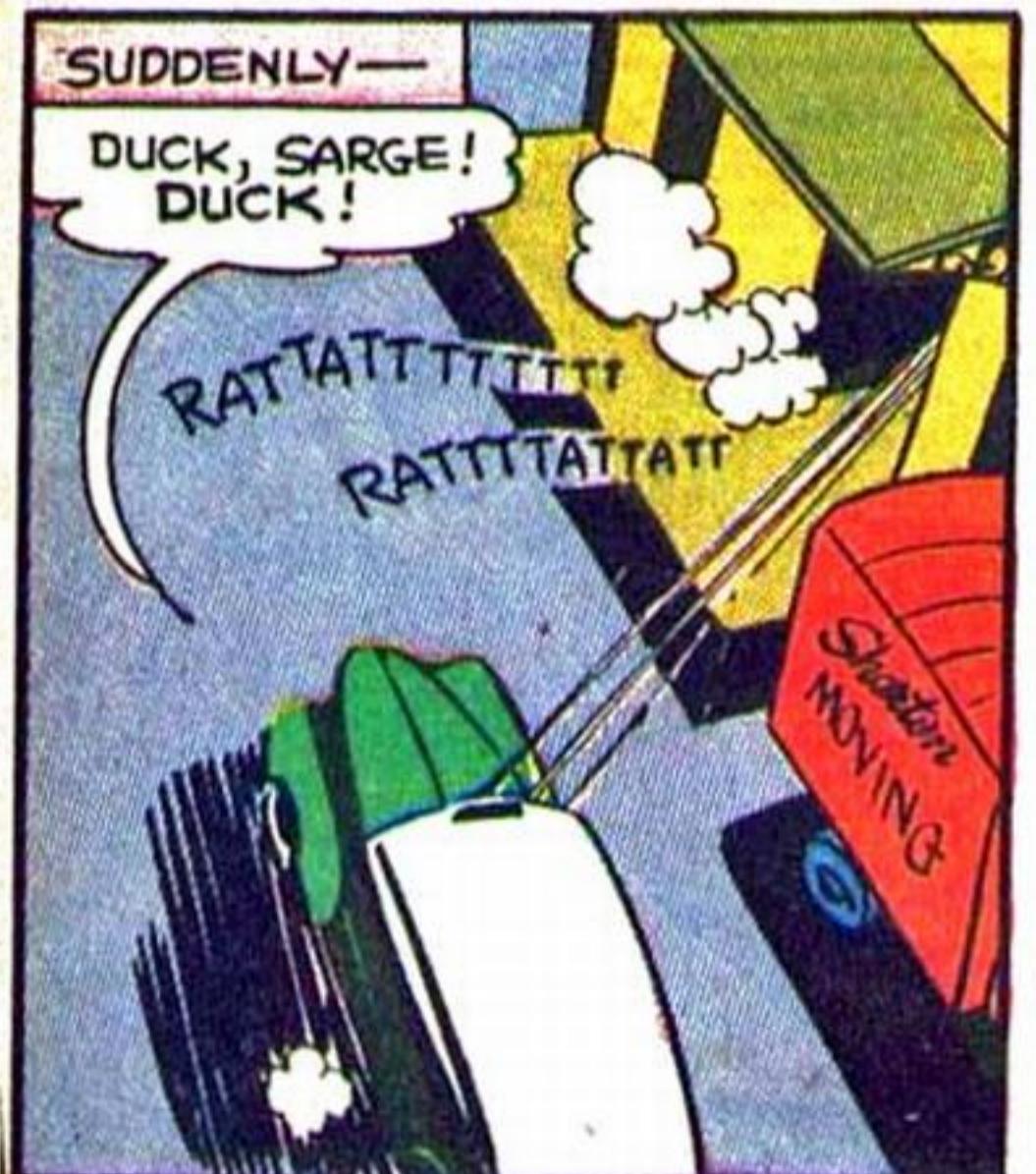
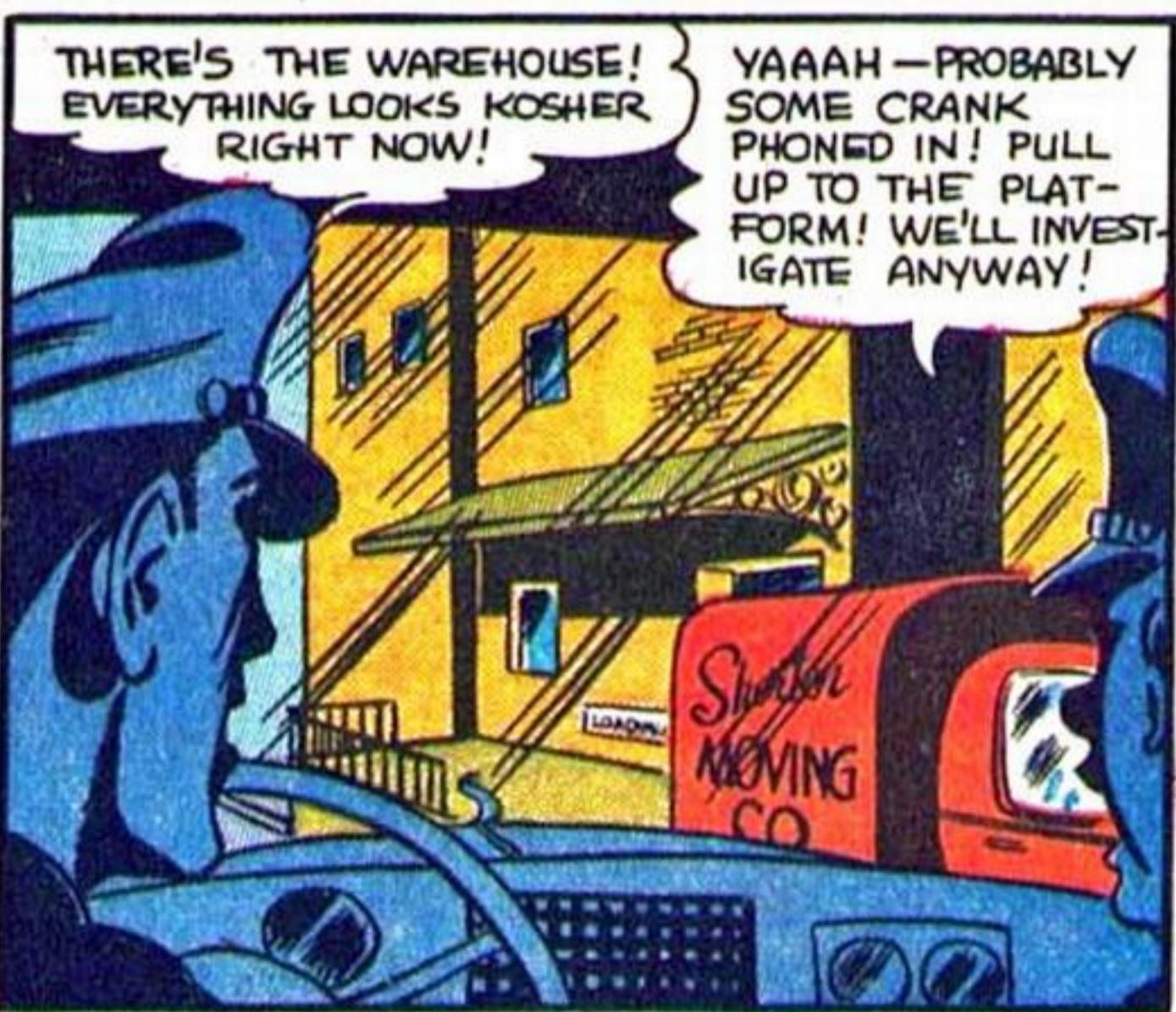
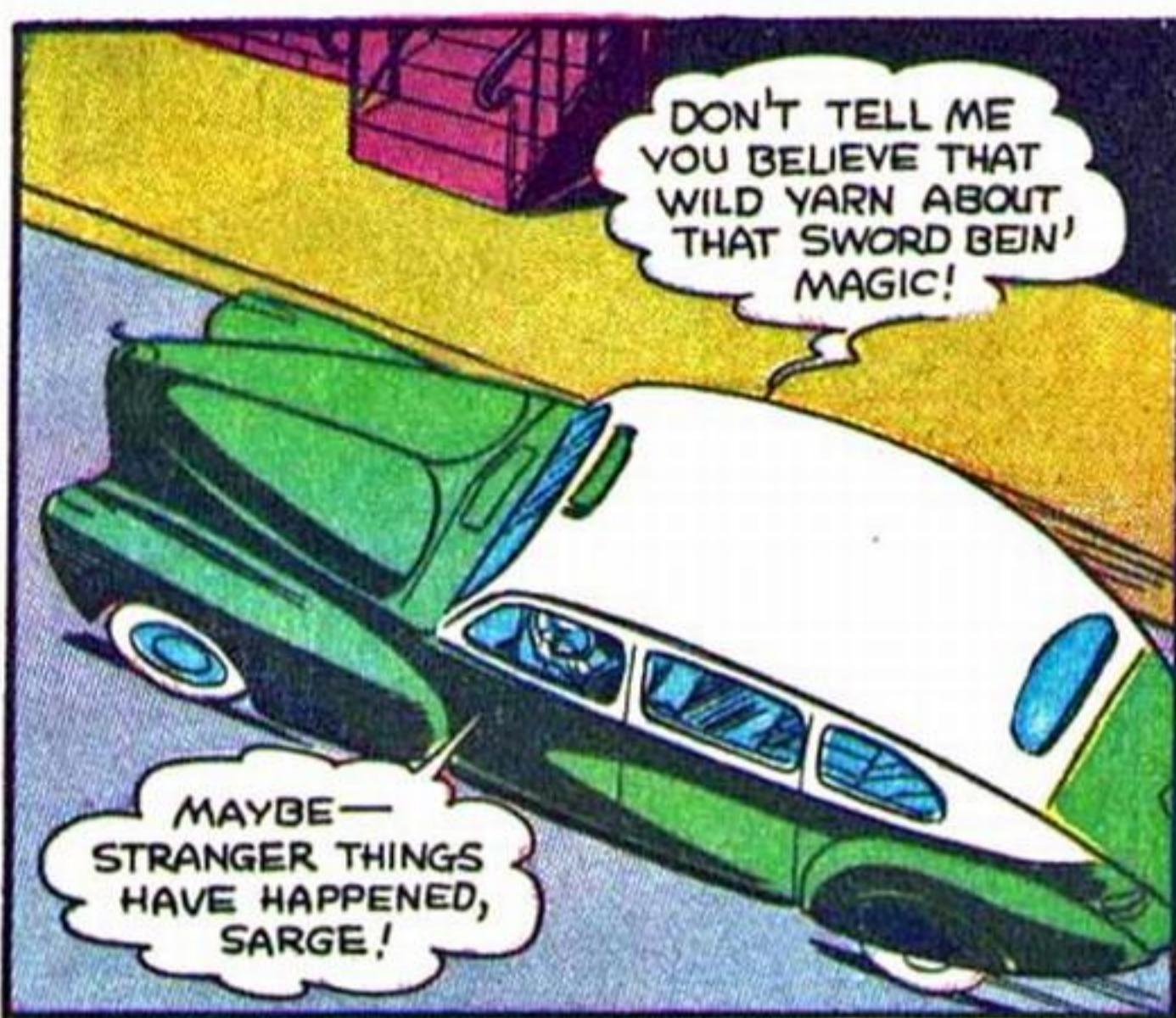
GULP! ER-AH-WHO  
ME? SUPPOSE YOU-  
UH-ASK SERGEANT  
MCGINTY IF I AM,  
YOUNG FELLOW!

YOU! KIP BURLAND! THE  
BLACK HOOD! HAW HAW-  
THAT'S THE FUNNIEST  
THING I EVER HEARD,  
DAGNABBIT!

SERGEANT!  
THAT CHAIR! DON'T  
SIT DOWN!

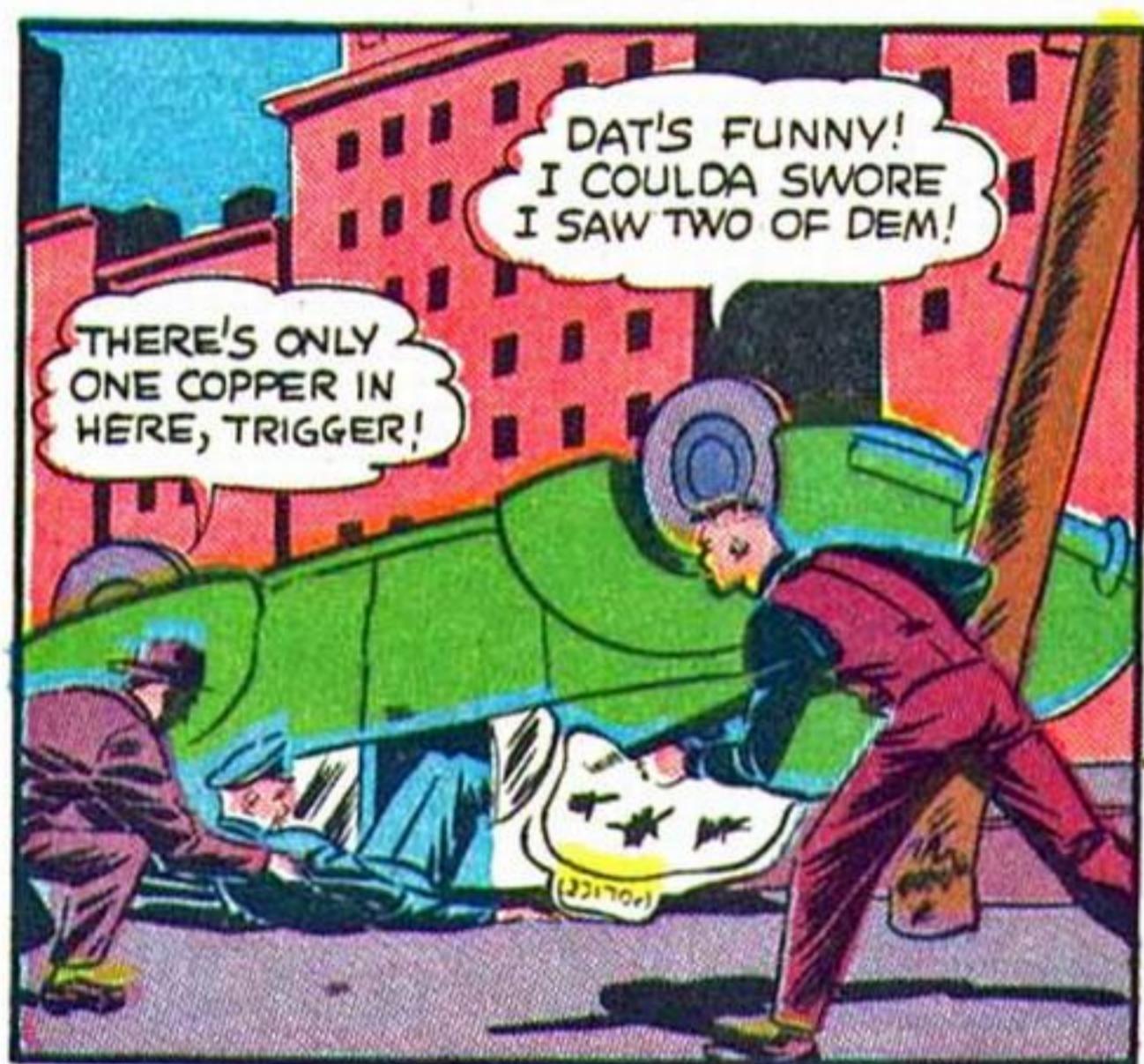
HAW-  
HAW-  
HAW-  
HAW-

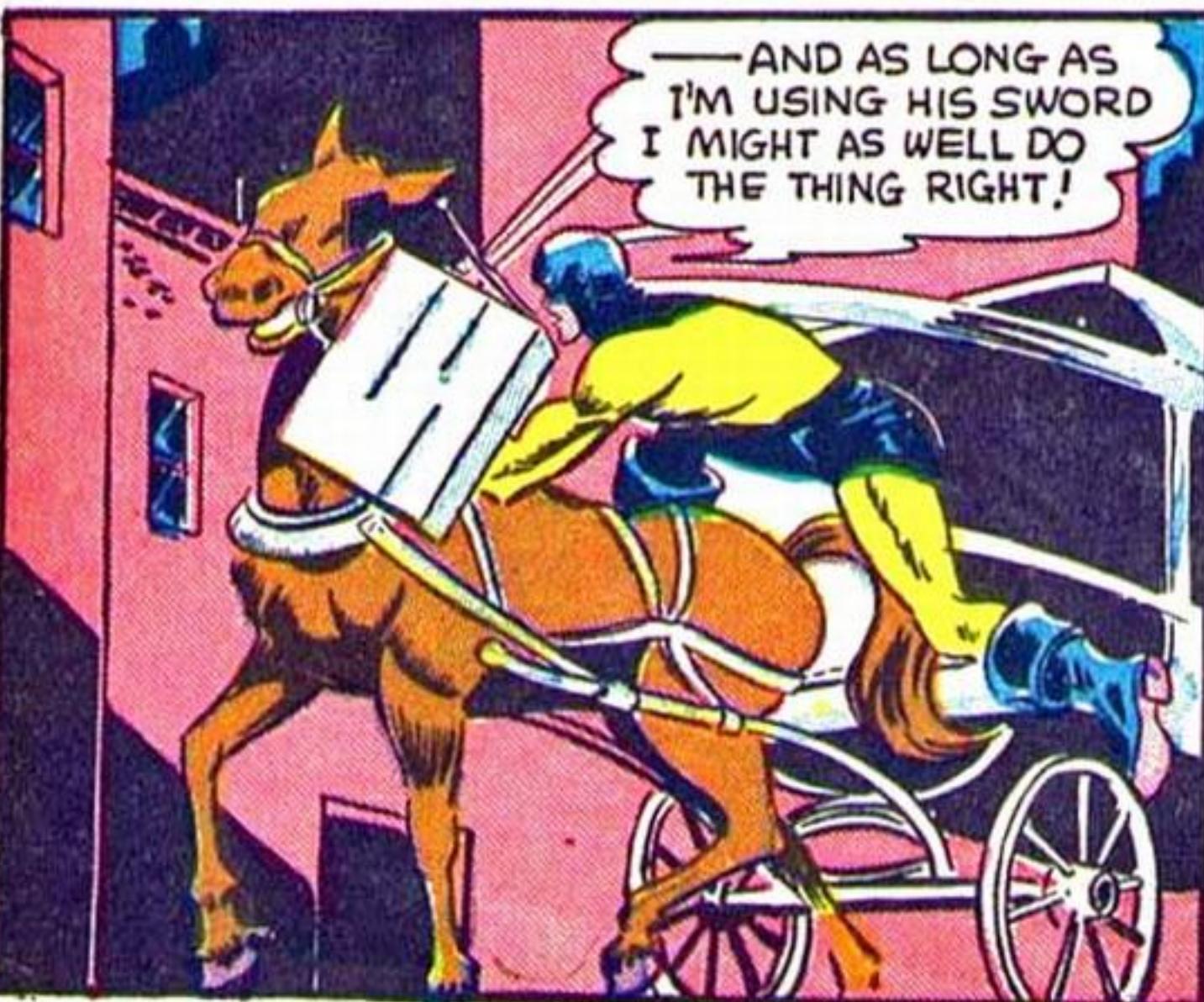
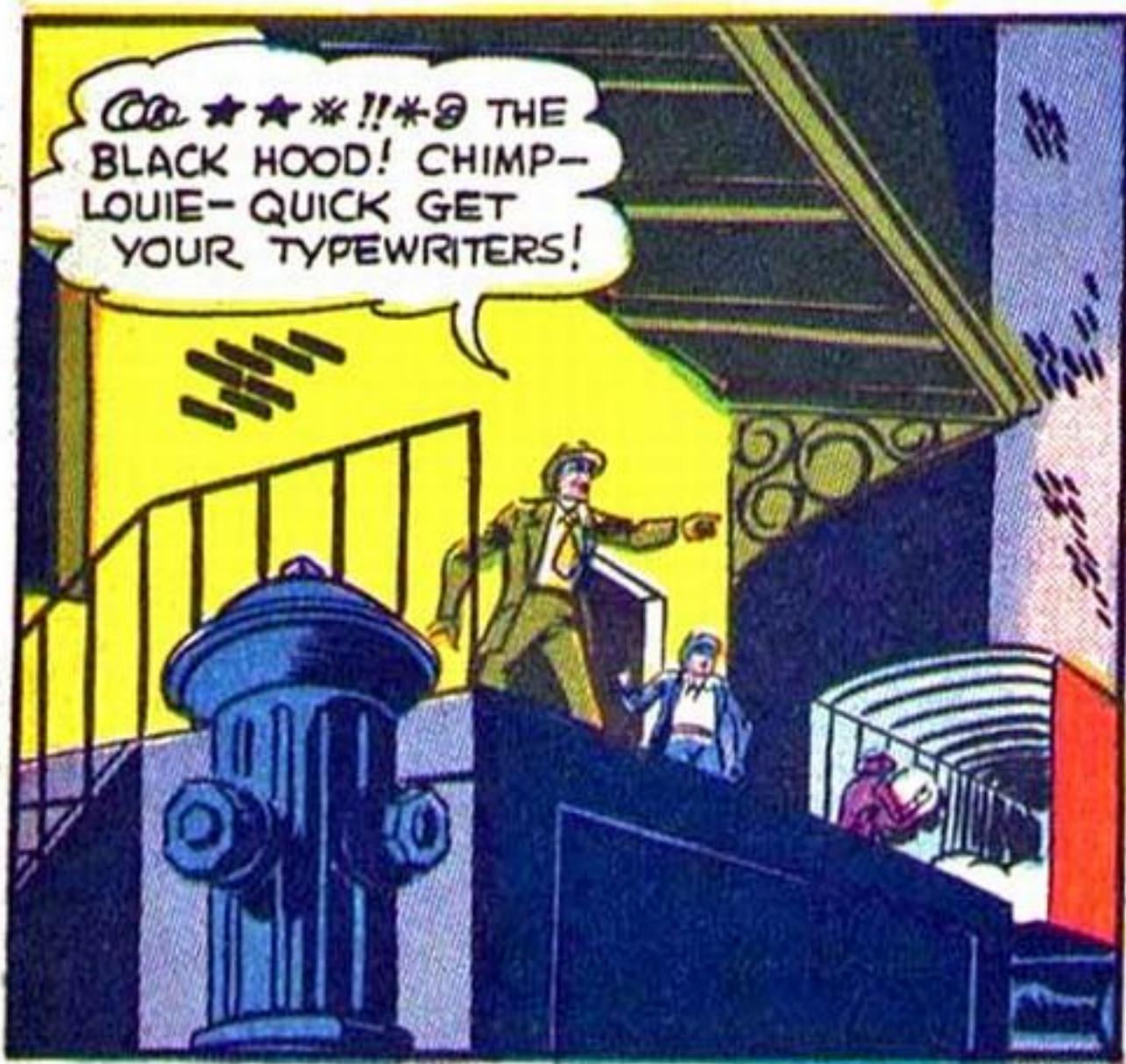




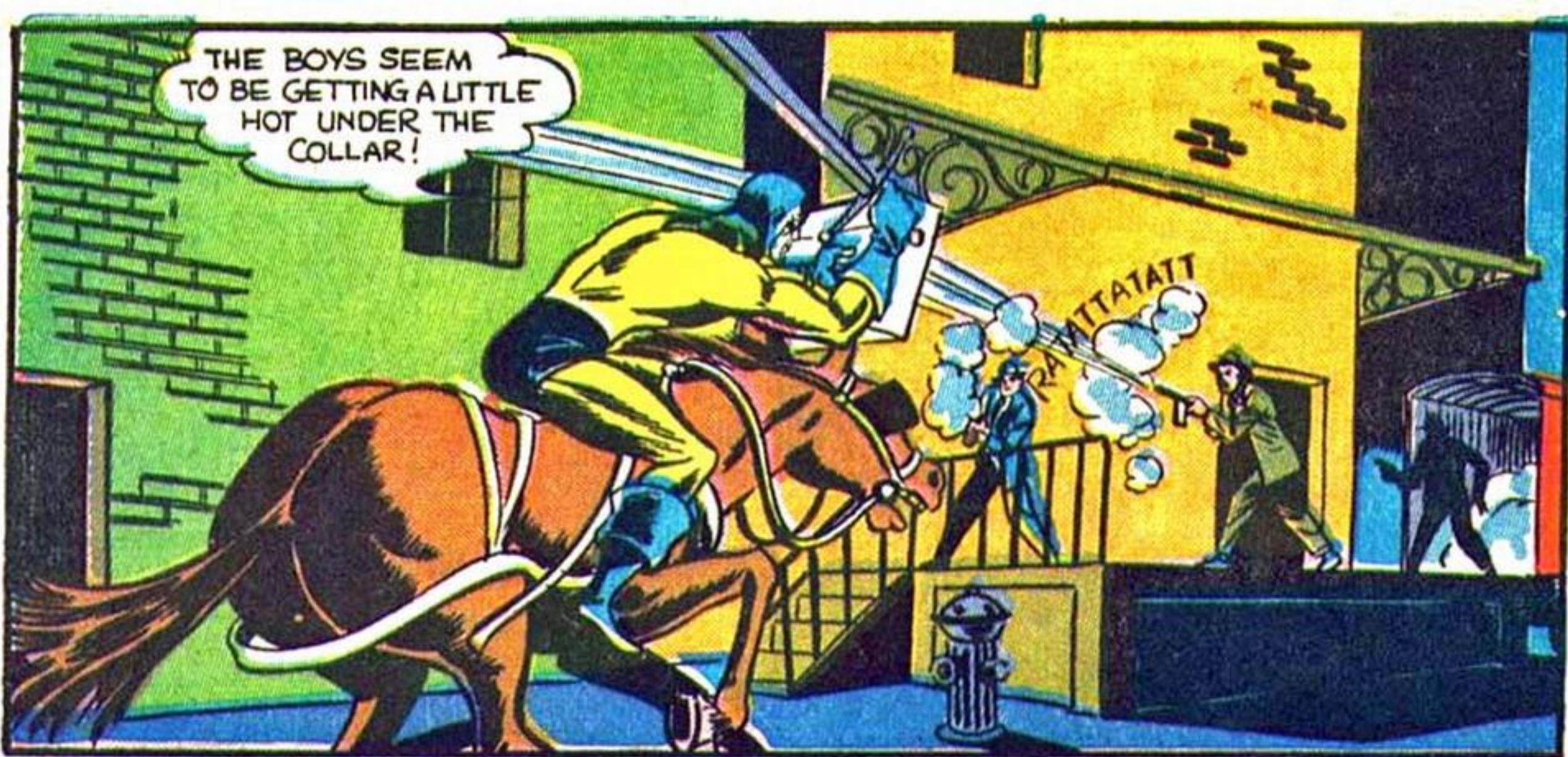
WE SURE GOT THEM SNOOPING  
FLAT FEET GOOD, HYPO!

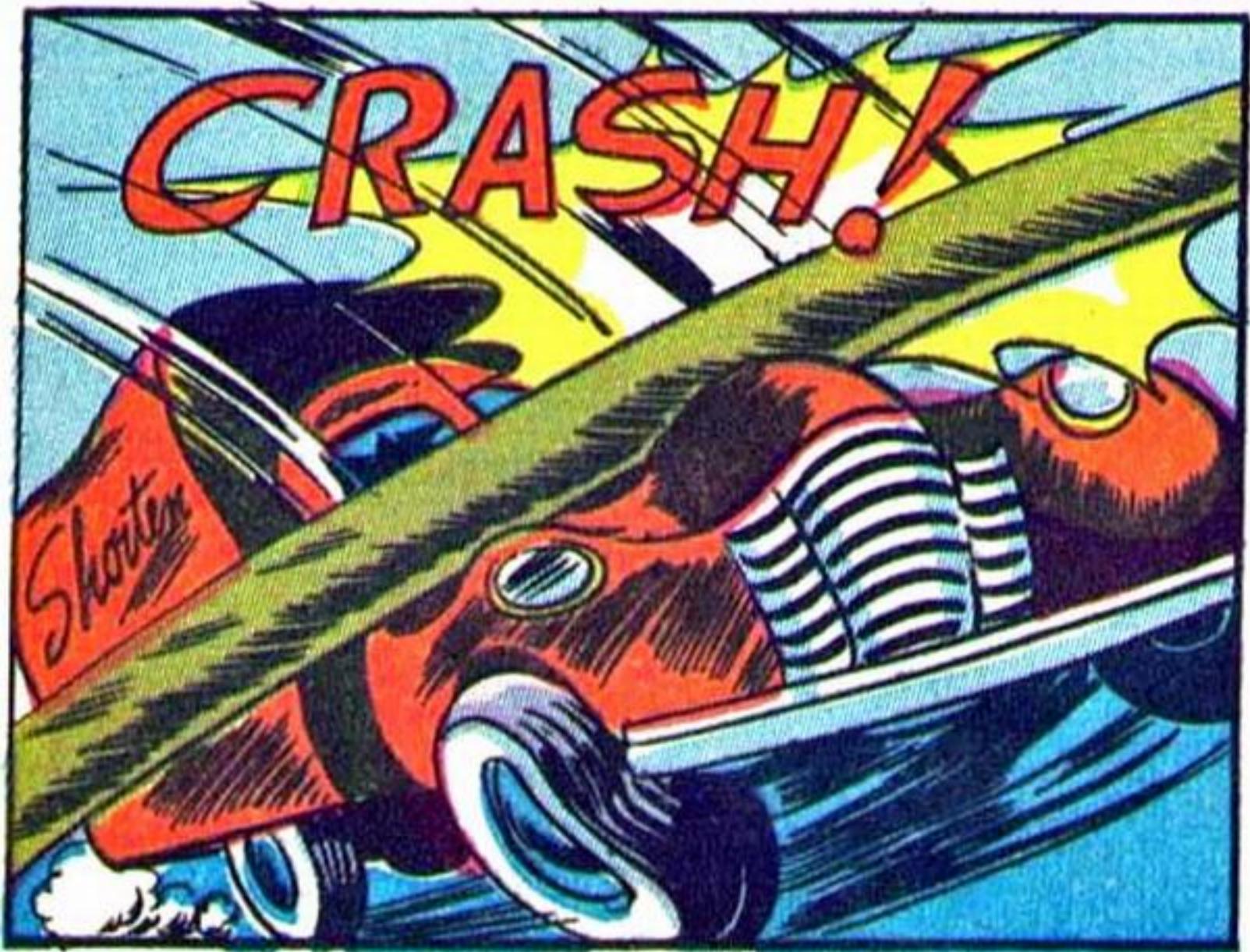
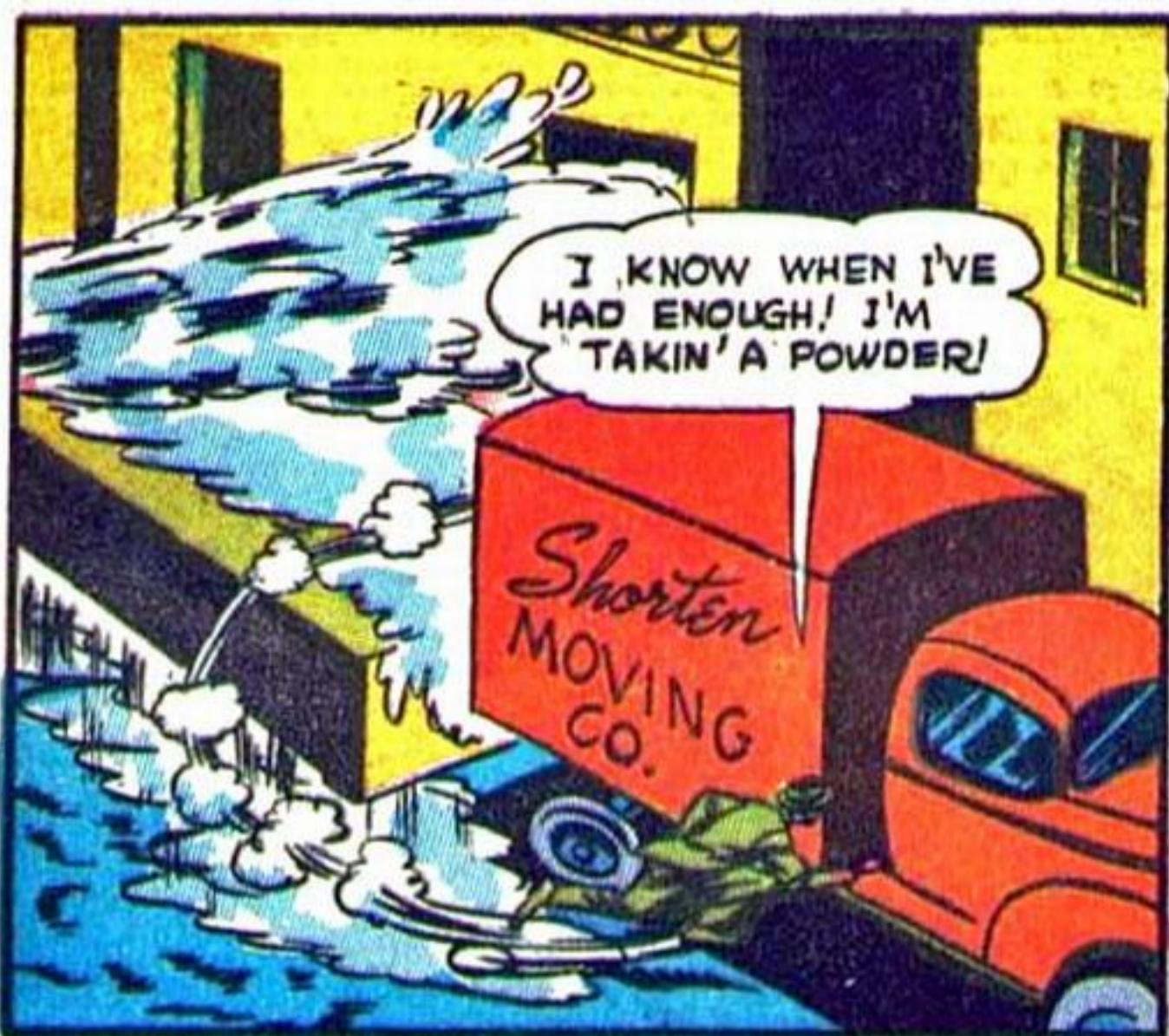
WELL, DON'T TAKE NO CHANCES—  
MAKE SURE THEY'RE FINISHED OFF,  
TRIGGER AND DUTCH! THE REST  
OF YOU BOHUNKS KEEP LOADIN'  
THE FURS INTO THE VAN!





THE BOYS SEEM  
TO BE GETTING A LITTLE  
HOT UNDER THE  
COLLAR!



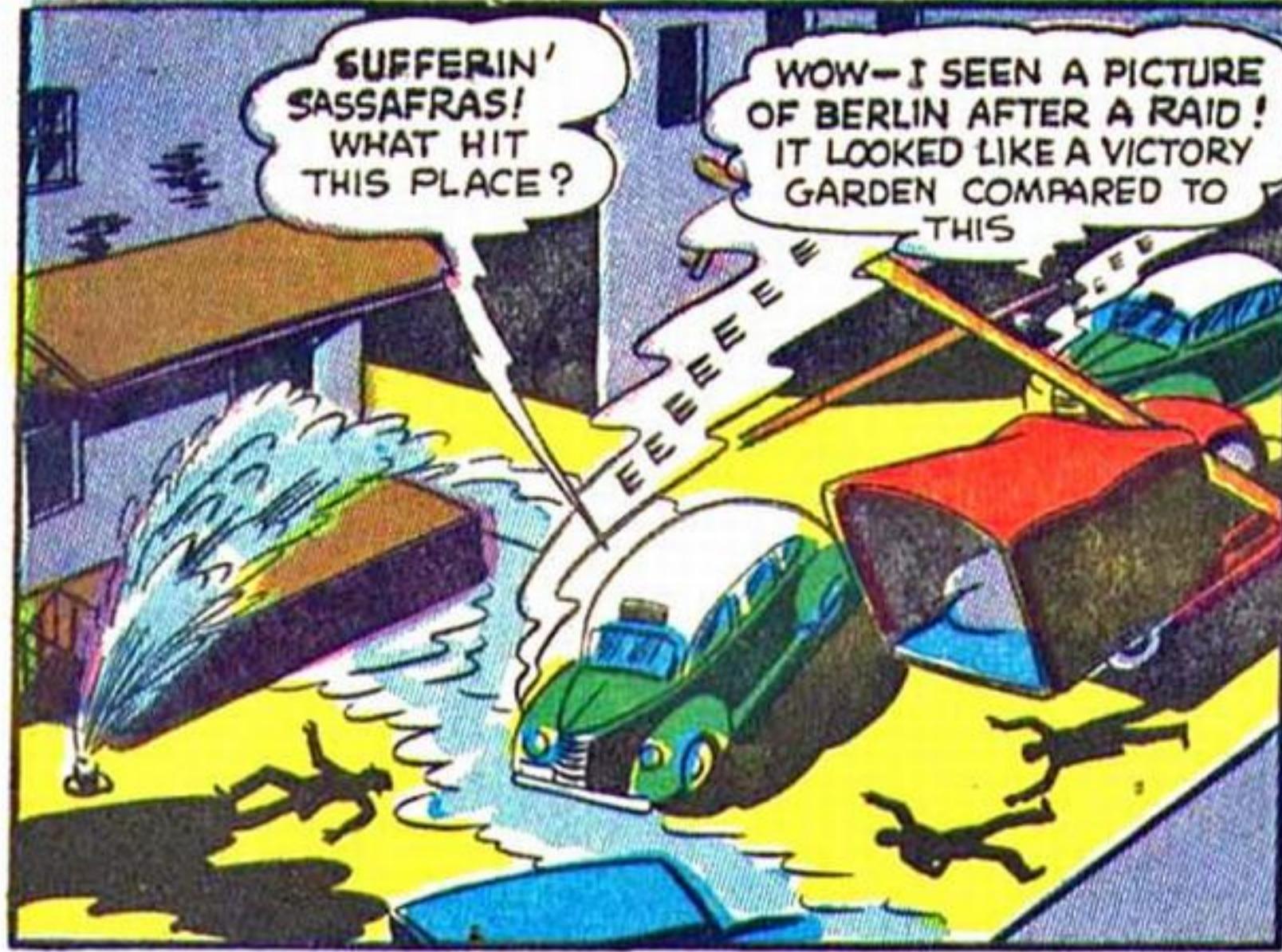


SUFFERIN'  
SASSAFRAS!  
WHAT HIT  
THIS PLACE?

WOW—I SEEN A PICTURE  
OF BERLIN AFTER A RAID!  
IT LOOKED LIKE A VICTORY  
GARDEN COMPARED TO  
THIS

SERGEANT McGINTY!  
DON'T TELL ME HE  
DID ALL THIS!

WHO ELSE!  
HE'S THE  
ONLY ONE  
AROUND!  
WOTTA MAN!



... WHEN I SAW HYPO AND HIS WHOLE GANG COMING AT ME, GUNS BLAZING, I KNEW IT WUZ EITHER ME OR THEM, SO I TORE INTO 'EM WITH ME GUN — JUST LIKE SERGEANT YORK, I GUESS.... BLA, BLA, BLA —



WHEN MY BULLETS GAVE OUT, I FOUGHT 'EM BARE HANDED — I THINK! OH, YES, THERE WAS ANOTHER MAN WITH ME! PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND!

WELL, HE DESERVES SOME CREDIT TOO, I SUPPOSE!



BOY, YOU SHOULD'A  
HEARD THE COMMI-  
SSIONER, KIP! I THINK  
I'M GONNA GIT ME  
ANOTHER STRIPE!

NICE WORK,  
SARGE!

SAY, HAVE YOU  
STILL GOT THIS THING?  
YOU'RE A SUCKER  
FOR FAIRYTALES!

SO'S THE  
COMMIS-  
SIONER ...  
ER ..UH..  
THAT IS...

...I DON'T THINK IT  
IS A FAIRY TALE,  
SARGE! ANYWAY I  
BELIEVE IN IT!



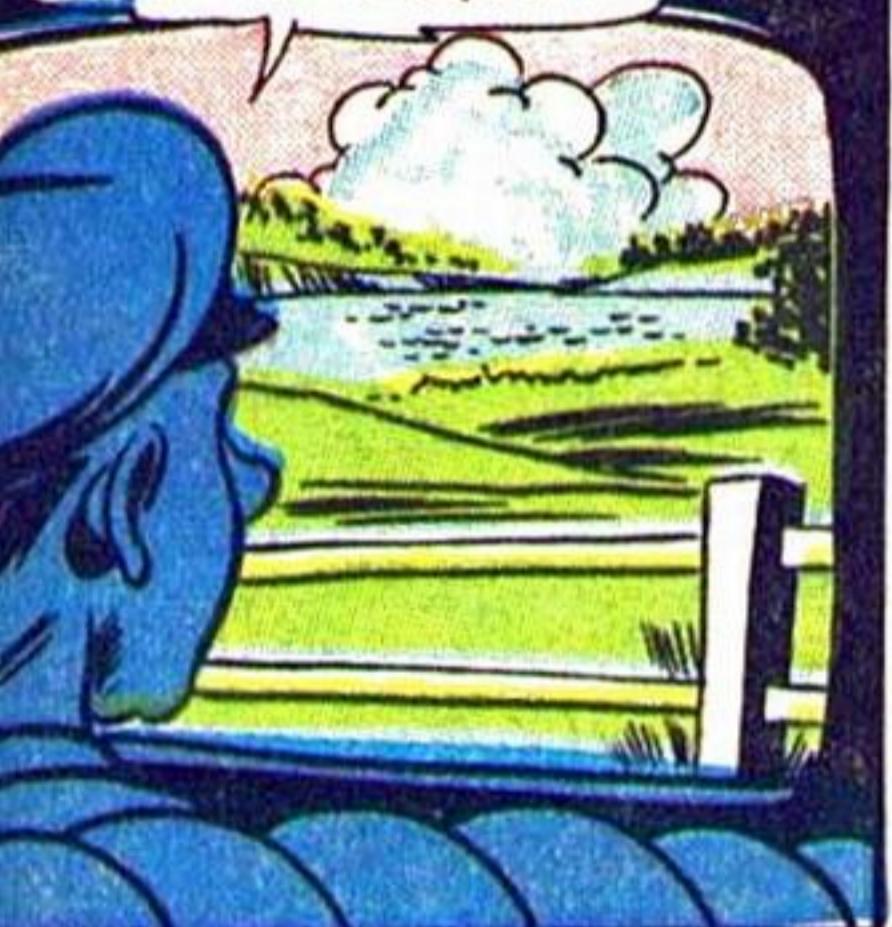
SO YA DON'T THINK IT'S A FAIRY  
TALE, HUH! WELL I THINK I KNOW  
HOW TO PROVE IT, DAGNABBIT!  
STOP THE CAR, KIP!

DIDN'T THE PROFESSOR  
SAY THAT WHEN THE  
SWORD WAS THROWN INTO  
THE LAKE, THE LADY OF  
THE LAKE REACHED OUT  
FOR IT AND FETCHED IT  
UP?

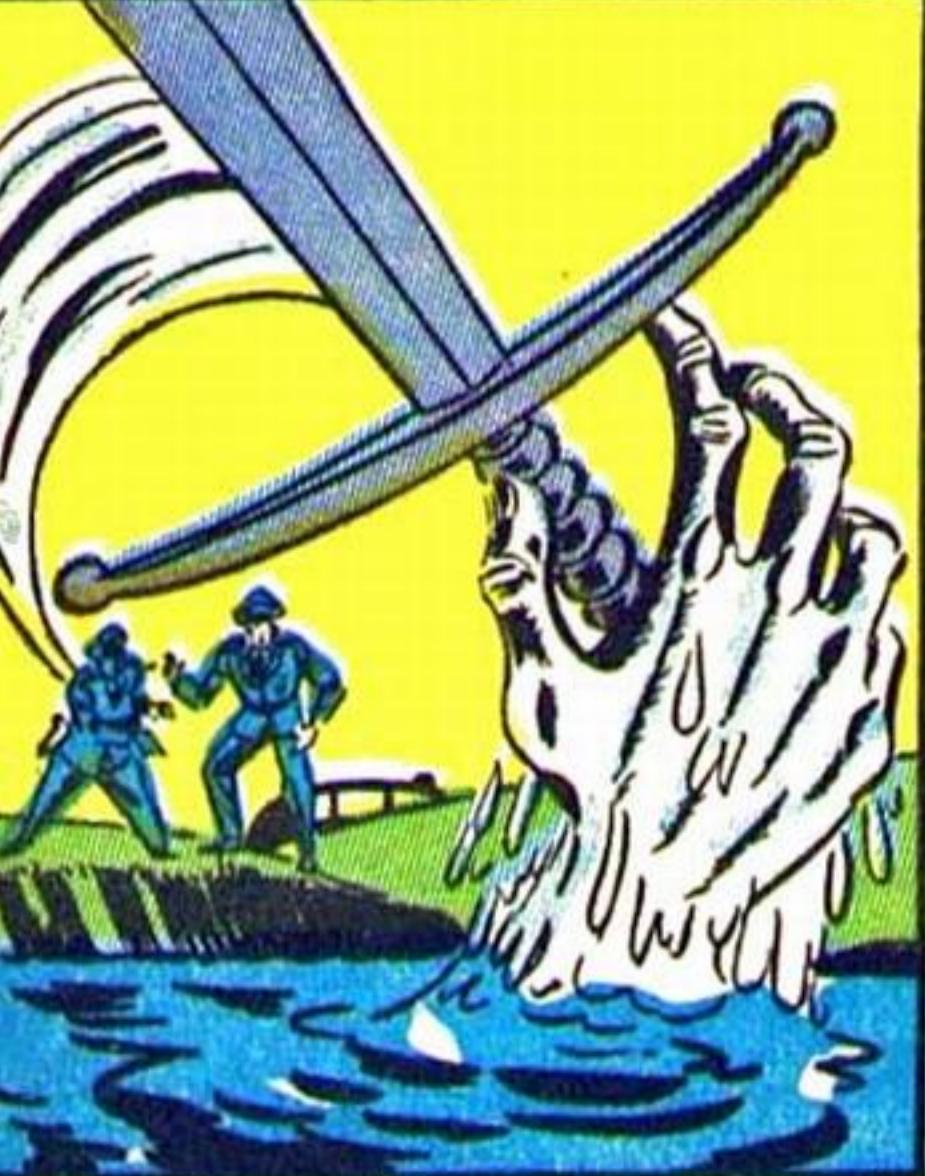
WHY, YES!

HEY, SARGE,  
DON'T...

WELL LET'S  
SEE HER  
FETCH FOR  
IT NOW!



WELL, THE SWORD'S GONE, BUT I  
THINK THE SARGE IS CONVINCED!



SAVE  
YOUR  
SCRAP  
PAPER  
AND  
BUY  
MORE  
WAR  
BONDS!

BOYS • GIRLS • MEN • WOMEN

# PICK YOUR PRIZE



THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

## Blue Bird COOKING SET



Will make you proud of your kitchen. Entire set given for selling only 40 pkts. seeds at 10c a packet.

## One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS



It's fun to raise, train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of mated birds given for selling only 8 orders. Sent Ex. Collect.

## Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 order of Seeds. Sent Express Collect.

## VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS



Handsome Violin, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. GIVEN for selling only 1 order. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

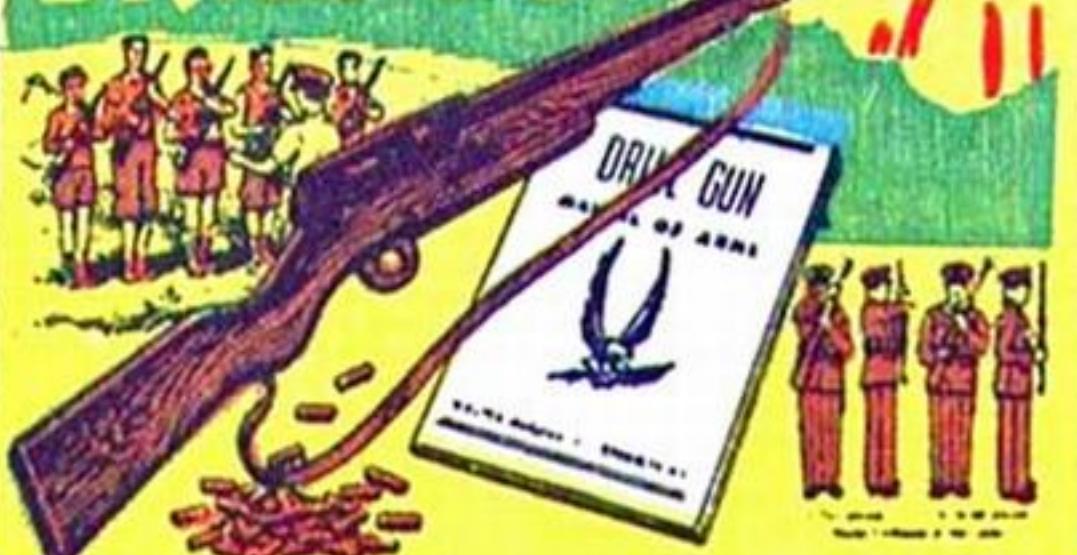
## REGAL "VICTORY UKE"



Be first in your town to own this Red, White and Blue "Victory" Uke. Exactly as illustrated. Given and sent post paid for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each.

Plant  
A  
War  
Garden  
Again  
This  
Year

## DRILL GUN



OH BOY! What a prize. Complete with ammunition and official "Manual of Arms". Start your own Drill Squad. All given as one Premium for selling only 1 order of seeds.

Everyone who plants a garden helps and helps greatly to solve the problem of the feeding of the many needy nations of the world.

## CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

Sell anyone order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. in packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY



Get this military-like outfit for your very own, officers belt, cap and automatic type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order of seeds 40 pkts. at 10c a packet. SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY.

## Basket Ball GIVEN TO YOU



Latest Rubber Valve Type Given for selling only 40 pkts. at 10 cts. each.



SEND  
NO  
MONEY

WE  
TRUST  
YOU.

THIS BOOK IS YOURS FREE  
WHEN YOU BUY SEEDS  
WITH THE BIG BAG OF TRICKS



37th  
YEAR

Lancaster County Seed Co., SRC  
Station 392, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 10 packets to my order of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine profit. I will send and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds "Bag of Tricks" shown above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Post Office \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Street or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ Box \_\_\_\_\_

Print your last name plainly below

Save 8 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 10 cent Post Card TODAY.

# Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute

## You Build These and Other Radio Circuits With 6 Big Kits I Send.

By the time you've conducted 60 sets of Experiments with Radio Parts I supply, made hundreds of measurements and tests, you'll have PRACTICAL Radio experience valuable in a good full or part-time Radio job!

**Superheterodyne Circuit.** Preselector, oscillator-mixer first detector, i.f. stage, diode detector, a.v.c. stage, audio stage. Bring in local and distant stations on this circuit which you build!



**Measuring Instrument** you build in Course. Use it in practical Radio work to make EXTRA money. Vacuum tube multimeter, measures A.C., D.C. and R.F. volts, D.C. currents, resistance, receiver output.



**A. M. Signal-Generator.** Build it yourself! Provides amplitude-modulated signals for test and experimental purposes. Gives valuable practice!



## I Trained These Men



\$10 a Week in Spare Time—"I repaired some Radios when I was on my tenth lesson. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 300 South H St., Exeter, Calif.

\$200 a Month in Own Business—"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. I have N.R.I. to thank for my start." A. J. FROEHN, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



**Get Into a Busy Field with  
a Bright Peacetime Future**

## I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy field with a bright peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE, 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs, tells how N.R.I. trains you at home in spare time—how you get practical experience building Radio Circuits with SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS I send!

### Big Demand Now For Well-Trained

### Radio Technicians, Operators

Keeping old Radios working is booming the Radio Repair business. Profits are large. After-the-war prospects are bright. Think of the boom in Radio Sales and Servicing when new Radios are available—when Television, Frequency Modulation and Electronics can be promoted.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation Radio, Police Radio, Loudspeaker Systems, Radio Manufacturing all offer good jobs now to qualified Radio men—and most of these fields have a big backlog of business that has built up during the war, plus opportunities to expand into new fields opened by wartime developments. You may never see a time again when it will be so easy to get a start in Radio!

### Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll for my Course I start sending you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that help show how to make EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while still learning.

### TELEVISION, ELECTRONICS FREQUENCY MODULATION

My up-to-date Course includes training in these new developments.



Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Fixing Radios pays many N.R.I. trained Radio Technicians \$50 a week. Many others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week EXTRA fixing Radios in spare time.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Shipping Companies, Police Departments, in commercial Aviation. Opportunities are increasing in these fields.

**Find Out What N.R.I. Can Do For You**  
MAIL COUPON for FREE 64-page book. It's packed with facts—things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Aviation Radio, other Radio fields. Read about my Course—and how you can train at home. Read many letters from men I trained. MAIL COUPON in an envelope or pasted on a penny postal!—J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SAO7, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

**Our 30th Year of Training Men for Success in Radio**

## FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SAO7,  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book: "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call.) Write plainly.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME

... Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU  
Skinny?  
Weak?  
flabby?

Will You Let Me  
Prove I Can Make You  
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

## What Dynamic Tension Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps — yes, on each arm — in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day — right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

## Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY



Mail Coupon  
For My  
FREE Book

Charles  
Atlas

Holder of title,  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man." As he  
looks today, from  
actual untouched  
snapshot.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3021,  
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name ..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

Check here if under 16 for Benefit A.

FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today, AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3021, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

